

The
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Devoted to the Science of Religion,
the Religion of Science, and the Extension
of the Religious Parliament Idea

FOUNDED BY EDWARD C. HEGELER

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LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE AS A SYSTEM OF BELIEF

BY T. SWANN HARDING

ABSTRACT science and philosophy seem subjects very remote from ordinary life. Actually they are not so at all. Generations of very ordinary men have heroically grappled with the problem of immortality, with that of a personal or impersonal creative intelligence, with that of what we should do now that we are here, and with other metaphysical enigmas about which scientists and philosophers argue in stupendous polysyllables, and about which they actually know almost as little as ordinary people. The invention of an impressive nomenclature has undoubtedly given them a feeling of erudition as a protective cloak, but they know so little that a highly intelligent man was recently heard to declare that the most important problem men faced today was whether life had any definite purpose, whether we have a life after death, and whether there is a god—to lump several closely related problems into one.

Consider this picture. A housewife awoke one morning in her sleeping-porch overlooking the back yard. The apple tree was a mass of white blossoms. The grass had just become thoroughly green. The scent of spring was in the air, and the birds were twittering vociferously. But, just as likely as not, she thought, they were swearing at each other. She should arise. Yet why should she arise? There were two animals, cat and dog, which now imperiously demanded her attention. There were no children who might have constituted a "duty." But would they have been a really important duty? Even they might reach maturity as a negligible clerk or a silly eternal flapper. But she should hang the front room curtains anew and get another china cabinet. Why should she? Having done that there would be that much less to do.

It was not so always. Some years ago, as a trained nurse, she had been kept very busy. She had never meditated on the futility

of her existence in her life, until after marriage gave her leisure. She was happier then than now . . . she was serving. How was she serving? She was helping to save and to preserve human lives. . . . Were they worth preserving—pimply youths and moron flappers? Probably not. Obviously not. The problem seemed involved.

Anyway, she could serve now through her husband. He worked in a laboratory and did what some people called wonderful things. He lectured and he wrote, instructing the people. Yet . . . they were the same kind of more or less useless people she had served when nursing. That was all that service to humanity was; that is all that big reputations of artists, writers, orators, statesmen, are built upon—the ardent devotion of large masses of people whose intellects the great would find individually repulsive and whose habits, customs and ideas would undoubtedly offend them in personal contact. Yet upon their silly plaudits the “great” live. There wasn’t so much to that.

Wasn’t it probable that her husband had an itch to produce an article, or to complete a bit of research, just as she had an itch to purchase a new china closet or to hang new curtains—merely to opiate that curious and indescribable “underneath all” feeling which told you you were old, which told you you were going to die soon, which told you life was a sort of joke, which told you that even the earth would eventually grow cold and lifeless, and that this local jest of sentient life here—a very rare and unusual occurrence at best—would cease, the gods (were there gods?—silly idea) would laugh, and all would be as it had been before chaos became orderly a moment in one of the tinier and least important suburban universes. What could you believe about it all anyway? Why nothing!

So the housewife turned over and went to sleep again and she slept until noon. Then she still felt miserable so she went out and bought a new hat, which gets somewhat outside the territory of metaphysics and does not exactly concern us here. Certain it is that every person with any intellectual pretensions whatever has been prey to these same questionings. That is all that does concern us here.

What we have discovered is, then, that the common individual is no more free from metaphysical ideas than the philosopher and, secondly, that purely rational explanations will not carry as far as certain types of naturalism might led us to think. Husband and

wife both, in very different ways, diverted themselves; in so far as the result was pleasurable to them their lives were successful and that essentially selfish criterion is the only one by which we can really judge. Our activities may be complex and intricate; they may seem to have very considerable significance in a decidedly limited manner, but push any activity to the ultimate limit and you come, as you do in all deeper philosophic thought, to complete skepticism and a conviction of utter futility.

At responsible intellectual levels diversion may well be paramount, for it is socially quite safe to have an intelligent man divert himself as he will. It is assumed, of course, that his emotions as well as his mind are educated; it is freely granted that there exist today hundreds of highly intelligent people whose emotional immaturity renders them socially far more dangerous than morons or near-imbeciles. That is natural because we devote little attention in our educational system to emotional discipline; in fact, to suggest discipline is somehow subtly unpatriotic anyway.

Thus when John Haldane Blackie assayed the American system of education in "Reviewed by a Briton" in *The Educational Review* for October, 1928, he noted that while English students accepted discipline as an unalterable fact of nature, and while their student prefects dared not give cause for rebellion, in America schools have entirely too little discipline. He continued "The American boy at his synthetic worst is conceited, ill-mannered, and without any sense of responsibility." Also, "It is only necessary to compare the police methods of England and America, and the almost total absence of 'graft' in the former . . . to see that discipline is not merely a fad, or a tradition, whose sole merit lies in its whiskers."

At lower intellectual levels, however, the discipline of social regimentation is really necessary because intelligent self-discipline is impossible whether the emotions be mature or not. But Ethelbert Stewart, United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics, recently explained how very useful, socially and economically, the feeble minded can become when handled intelligently (*Monthly Labor Review*, July, 1928). This again involves scientifically controlled discipline by social pressure such as prevails, it is reliably reported, in the new schools of Soviet Russia, where the idea of beating up a student to make him obey has become actually grotesque. This discipline should always be accompanied by interesting and time-consuming tasks and fixed beliefs. It is especially the lack of the

latter these modern days that has done so much to upset our civilization and give it a criminally chaotic aspect. Intellect is no more radical than it has always been, but lower levels of intelligence have hitherto been shielded from these strong mental brews, perfectly safe to quench the thirst of strong minds, by the fact that they have been uneducated and largely inarticulate.

This is an era of free education. The conquest of illiteracy is our high ideal. Whether or not minds and emotions are disciplined, every one must be able to read and write, and this leads to vehement articulation on the part of classes unaccustomed to be articulate in the past. The always dubious and skeptical ideas of the true intelligentsia also much more rapidly filter down to lower levels today than in the past; it is then assumed at those levels that the organized world has gone to the dogs—for though these radical beliefs are centuries old, they have never before been so clearly apprehended by those of moderate intelligence; therefore the old, fixed, traditional beliefs of the masses are no longer respected by them, and we have the widespread criminality and disrespect for social stability now rampant as a very natural consequence.

The true intellectual of culture can safely have fluid beliefs; he can be very skeptical, because such people have the personal sense of values to know that hypothetical beliefs should not control their actions; when they act they follow facts, whatever their momentary beliefs. On lower levels of intelligence, however, beliefs actually do condition acts. The only way out is, then, for the intellectual minority to condition the beliefs of the masses in such a way that they can act upon their beliefs to the greatest good of society as a whole. The ordinary man can not be skeptical and entertain fluid beliefs or indulge in suspended judgment without becoming absolutely unreliable as a citizen.

The true intellectual, like the great scientist for instance, can entertain these fluid beliefs which, like the fundamentals underlying science as well as religion, rest ultimately upon absolutely nothing, save a common assumption accepted as axiomatic, just as he accepts the polite conventions of society or the more delicate nuances of etiquette. He knows that his ultimate beliefs do not require proof, though he may have considerable faith in the temporary logical structure he rears upon them. This structure is a product of pure rationalism, a rationalism more pure than it is possible to use in the

construction of any religion, yet, like religion, it rests finally upon pre-rational or non-rational assumptions.

These beliefs of the true intellectual, then, rest ultimately upon nothing save an assumption. This assumption does not require proof; it is accepted as axiomatic. It is like those propositions early in Euclid upon which the entire fascinating structure of his logical geometry is built. It just *is*—whether it be Creator or Unknowable, Creative Intelligence or the Law of Universal Causation; whether God or Absolute, it just *is*. It may momentarily, and in a specific emotional state, appear to be supported by an astute selection of apposite facts, but that is all you can say for it, and the true intellectual may be assayed by the fact that he actually knows when he has begun to rationalize *ex post facto* in order to buttress a belief he finds comfortable *per se*.

On the other hand, as we have seen, the masses vastly need discipline today. In the pursuit of the democratic ideal we have gone too far. It is quite true that the sort of discipline the nobility and royalty of one or two centuries past exacted from the masses had grown obsolete. It needed to be discarded. But the extreme democratic idea, the idea that one man is as good as another and, if poor and hard-working enough, a great deal better, has led the world to assume that no discipline at all is necessary. Yet during these very years science was rising to offer the newer and better discipline the intellectual minority should apply to the masses. However, it has remained rather well secluded in laboratories and behind walls even until today, and mass discipline is still attacked, if at all, with the anachronistic weapons of antiquated creeds, exploded philosophic notions and traditional moral concepts.

What the masses need today is a system of metaphysical beliefs which trained biologists and psychologists could certainly fashion for them. Science is recreant to its plain duty to society until such an attempt is made, and it will well deserve the antagonism of, and perhaps ultimate annihilation by, ignorant mass notions unless it girds itself to attack this problem. It is well enough to know the finer points of therapy or nutrition and to be involved in long researches upon lower animals, but the most important problem confronting science is that of so controlling society, the great mass of men, that science may pursue its humane studies and apply them to that society without disastrous interference from the very people it desires to help. This means simply that the paramount duty of

science is to fashion beliefs for the masses and to discipline them into these beliefs so that ordinary men may again attack tasks commensurate with their intelligence, while resting in the protection and the sharp discipline of beliefs they can accept as final. Scientists can then also pursue their researches unmolested by recalcitrant mass values.

This new mass religion cannot be Science itself, however much the masses appear today to want to make it Science. Quite ordinary people today set up Science as a criterion of value even in religion: if it can be made to support a religious idea, that idea becomes more true; if not, the idea is weakened or Science must change, which is unfortunate for Science. Modern advertising and reading matter in the popular magazines make it more and more apparent that Science does tend to become the "New Messiah" for laymen in general. But it will really not do at all. It will not do because it admits, privately at least, that it rests ultimately upon purely non-rational assumptions which just are. A religion may be very logical in its superstructure but it never admits that its foundation is non-rational; its foundation is super-rational because laid by Omniscience and Omnipotence and that is essential to religion. Science says, well here we are at the foundation; it just is; let us build up a beautiful edifice. Religion says here is the unchanging foundation which God, the Omniscient, has ordained as perfect and absolute from everlasting to everlasting; let us build upon it this or that pretty edifice; whatever it may become in the end the foundation is sure and absolutely final.

Science is, of course, merely a system of belief expressed dogmatically, but it is a system of belief for the intellectual minority, not for the masses. It differs from religion solely in its attitude towards its ultimate principles, but those principles remain simply assumptions, like the religious assumptions. Science, however, admits they are assumptions; it does not affect to regard them as final revelations. Science assumes, for instance, that if we observe and experiment we can find nature's laws by summarizing enough particulars. That is an assumption. For observation and experiment have certainly produced as many false as true beliefs. We could never prove that that assumption is rationally sound. It just is and from that science proceeds on its way. In similar manner it assumes universal causation and regularity of performance in natural law. In its assumptions about cause and effect it is up against a non-

rational principle which just *is* in the universe, and in its adoration of consistency and regularity of nature's performance—the idea that the sun will arise tomorrow because it did yesterday and that a miracle cannot happen because of nature's law—it is simply making further assumptions.

A comedian sitting at the piano once said, "I will now play this piece just as Paderewski would play it if he played it just as I am going to play it." and that is somewhat the standpoint of science. We see the moon and it is the "real" moon which has sent its rays to our retinas; quite so, but why? We see a ghost just as surely and yet it is not a ghost; it may have sent its rays to our retinas surely enough but it is not a ghost because science says there is no such thing as a ghost. We must continually make such assumptions. We may say likewise that Christ, and twelve or fourteen saints after him, did not make water into wine because science says (uniformity of the operation of nature's laws) this cannot be done. Yet science devised these laws by summarizing particular phenomena; it does not even pretend to be able to prove any law absolutely because it is utterly impossible for it to ascertain every single particular in any single case. Why not allow for a miracle here or there, among the unsummarized particulars? There is no rational reason. It just isn't done. Science is dogmatic about such things.

Why not a Creator as well as a Universal First Cause or an Unknowable? There is no real reason. Science simply does not make use of that assumption nor does it need that assumption in its work. What is the essential utility of the doctrine of the uniformity of natural law other than as a club for a theologian's head when he appears with a miracle in his hand? Why is empirical knowledge drawn from observation and experience of more value than intuitive knowledge which just comes to us and tells us it is Truth? There is no *real* reason for these things. Science simply agrees to accept and be guided by the one and to reject the other as unreliable. And, in the intellectual system of belief called Science (the true intellectuals of today tend more and more to hold this belief in its best form) intuitive knowledge is not needed very much.

There is some confusion, of course, when the physicist meets the psychologist and the former says "All is mechanical cause and effect," to which the latter replies "All is the subjective action of

our minds upon what appear to be external phenomena." But it is possible to fuse even such divergences into a sort of oneness for study as a whole, especially these days when physics becomes more and more amenable to mental moulding. For Lord Haldane's final article in *The Century* for December, 1928, said this, among other things: that Einstein has taught us time and space are ultimately nothing more than relations established between the mind and the things it observes, and that these relations vary according to the velocity of the observing mind. Hence we are driven back to mind even in physics; outside mind there is nothing, and apart from it, nothing has any meaning.

Why, we may ask for example, a theory of evolution? "Well, it rests upon scientific method, upon observation and experience." Upon what do these rest? O you must assume something. But observation and experience, even in the theory of evolution, have now and then produced wrong ideas or beliefs, have they not? "O yes, of course." Then which of your present beliefs are incorrect? "It is really impossible to say just which may be found wholly or in part erroneous after further investigation, but we certainly believe that progress will finally round the theory into a completely acceptable and true doctrine, and we hold just as certainly that the scientific method will lead us rightly in the future as in the past." But you have admitted that your fundamental assumptions are just assumptions, they do not rest upon scientific method, then. You have admitted that this scientific method has at times produced erroneous beliefs in your restricted field. How do you know that your dependence upon scientific method and your belief in progress are not among the erroneous beliefs? "Well, we have no reason to think so and, as I said, we must assume something." All right; assume that your theory of evolution has become an absolutely true thing, then what? It is then an absolute doctrine in which every one must believe. It no longer rests upon facts, phenomena, observation, experience, or scientific method; it just *is*: it is an axiom and has wiped away its foundation in becoming the perfect thing you hoped progress would make it. What then?

Logically and rationally there is nothing then. The theory of evolution like all other scientific theories is vulnerable to such basic rational treatment. Ultimately it just is. Science offers a fine, logical, useful system of belief; it has especial attraction for people of active intellects and self-disciplined emotions. It suits them as

a more metaphysical or religious system of belief never could, and it also has more practical utility than such systems. But it is nothing more nor less than another system of belief founded upon certain fundamental assumptions, and to claim more for it, is to assume an arrogance no scientist should ever assume.

Coming back to where we started, then, we each and every one of us adopt a scale of values and a system of belief that seems comfortable to us. We essentially believe what it makes us feel good to believe and we indulge in those activities which most completely satisfy us. Despite our pretenses that is the real fact of the matter. These particular beliefs somehow protect us as individuals from the awfulness of complete doubt or intellectual chaos. They give us something to tie to, some point at which to start, some foundation upon which to rear a dwelling for our minds. They save us from a sense of utter futility. For we all have orderly minds in a frightfully disorderly universe and the only order the universe has is that with which our minds invest it. If we want a section of the universe pleasingly orderly we must synthesize this order mentally. It is in some such sense that Santayana meant that miracles had more reason than scientific laws, for they implied the very humanly comprehensible and reasonable desire of a beneficent father-god to see that we, his children, were protected and aided, whereas indifferent natural law simply was. What Santayana forgot was that God simply is also, if you place him as your foundation instead of some other non-rational assumption.

A system of social order should then be planned by those who think, and it should be planned so attractively that the beliefs evolved above (speaking intellectually now) for those below will discipline those below, while at the same time giving them the feeling of free will and independence. This means that culture and humanism must be added to science; that Goethe and Shakespeare and Beethoven must take their places beside Newton, Kelvin and Einstein. Science must learn to see life wholly; to temper its most cherished beliefs with a tinge of skepticism, to seek diversion and content rather than certitude and finality, and so to control minds of the lower intellectual orders that their discipline may make our entire society more happy and more stable than it is at present.

INDIAN PHILOSOPHY IN ITS DIVERGENCE FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE CONTEMPORARY WEST (II)

BY EDWARD L. SCHLAUB

A CONSTANT feature that characterizes all the diverse philosophical systems of India resides in their approach to the tasks of metaphysical interpretation. This approach is identical with the persistent emphasis of the religious consciousness. It centers about the interrelations of the self and the world. Professor Leidecker has lent his authority to the contention that a "unifying theme that runs through all the systems is that of expressing experience in terms of the relation between the world and the self."¹ In this respect we find the contemporary philosophical situation in the West sharply different. Our behaviorisms, positivisms, naturalisms, most realisms, and speculative philosophy, however wide their departures from one another, alike manifest an objective orientation in consequence of which the relation between the world and the self is at most one of the questions that arise in the endeavor to frame a conception of reality under the lead of science, and only certain of these philosophies manifest any temptation to express experience in terms of this relation.

In raising the issue of differences between India and the contemporary West as concerns the influence of the religious consciousness upon philosophy, however, it was our intention to stress other matters—features connected with the lines of consideration mentioned in our preceding paper. First of all we would allude to a conception which is prominent in the thought of India, and enters into all its philosophic systems except the Cārvāka, but which, in the specific form in which it there occurs, is all but absent from our contemporary Western philosophies. That to which we refer is the doctrine of Karma; and that feature of this doctrine which we would here single out for attention is its unqualified synthesis of power, on the one hand, with justice or goodness, on the other. Neither of these traits would the Hindu consciousness sacrifice, even when confronted with the hard problems of human fate. Both in quality and

¹ Leidecker, Kurt F., "Indian Philosophy and Western Thought," *Journal of the International School of Vedic and Allied Research*, Vol. 1, No. 1, p. 18.

in intensity, the teaching goes, the vicissitudes and fortunes of life are resultants of earlier deeds—a thesis which carries with it the doctrine of previous existence. Indeed, according to Garbe, the effects of human action are held to carry far beyond the experience of the individual agents. The "subsequent effectiveness of guilt and of merit, usually called *adṛishṭa*, 'the invisible,' also often simply *karman*, 'deed, work,' not only determines the measure of happiness and suffering which falls to the lot of each individual, but also determines the origin and evolution of all things in the universe. At bottom this last thought is only a necessary consequence of the theory that every being is the architect of its own fate and fortunes into the minutest details: for whatever comes to pass in the world, some creature is inevitably affected by it and must, therefore, by the law of atonement have brought about the event by his previous acts. The operations of nature, therefore, are the effects of the good and bad actions of living beings. On these assumptions all Indian philosophy, with the exception of materialism, is founded.² This account may not meet with universal approval on the part of scholars. Yet what does seem indisputable is the basic position in Indian thought of the belief in the inseparability of power, order and justice.

We find a characteristic, even though but a relative, distinction between Indian and contemporary Western, and especially American, thought, also in the fact that the former has always manifested an exceptional preoccupation with that whole or totality within which all elements of being are felt or conceived to fall. This means, in part, that it has exhibited a pronounced tendency to monism. This tendency is as ancient even as the Rigveda. Writes Mr. Prasad: "A careful study of the Rigveda will show that while individual gods are adored and the various phenomena of nature are attributed to them, the need of finding one comprehensive unity amid all diversity and one fundamental cause for all the manifold causes and effects is constantly pressing itself upon these poet philosophers of yore, and that as a result of this we already find in the Rigveda the theistic, the pantheistic and the monistic tendencies in juxtaposition with the more usual and predominant polytheistic notions."³ The monistic strain becomes much more emphatic with the course of time, until, with the appearance of the Upanishads, it becomes indubitably ascendent. Again to quote Mr. Prasad: "For the most part there is one conception which dominates the whole of Up-

² Garbe, Richard, *The Philosophy of Ancient India*, pp. 81.

³ Prasad, Jwala, *Introduction to Indian Philosophy*, p. 5.

anishadic thought, viz., that there is ultimately only one principle of reality and it is Brahman or the universal self. All diversity and plurality of existence is either an illusion altogether or a manifestation of this same principle in a variety of forms."⁴ Even where there is a theistic emphasis in the Upanishads there is a monistic note in the teaching that the universe, though having its source in Brahman, does not completely represent the latter but that Brahman transcends the universe.

In her philosophy India has indeed travelled upon almost all the paths of metaphysical exploration and has expounded widely varying doctrines of reality. Professor Radhakrishnan, however, has insisted, in his valuable historical studies, that Indian philosophy at its highest is monistic. Indeed, in his view, even those systems of thought that are avowedly dualistic or pluralistic have, unmistakably and inevitably, monistic implications. Now it is only fair to bear in mind that historical interpretations are easily colored by the historian's own philosophical affiliations; and Professor Radhakrishnan has been charged with having distinctly exaggerated the extent to which monism reigns in Indian philosophy. Whatever element of truth there may be in such a charge there nevertheless seems abundant evidence that, as compared with what obtains in the contemporary West, the monistic doctrine, or an underlying current thereof, uniquely prevails and has so prevailed, in the philosophy of India.

This is certainly the case when one envisages the situation from the standpoint of logical and epistemological teaching. But it is equally clear when the matter is viewed from the angle of ethics, especially in connection with the problem of evil. Generally speaking, life in the West has presented itself more in terms of struggle. Not nearly as striking as in India have been the tendencies to explain away evil or to seek escape from it through flight or disregard. Thus there has been a more widely prevalent as well as a sterner ethical dualism—a dualism often so stubborn as to carry the day both in theology and in metaphysics. The good, it has commonly been felt, is engaged either in an heroic defense against the invasions of evil or in a spirited attack upon it.

Often India's monism has been carried to extremes such as are seldom found in the classical systems of the West, and are today non-existent in America. In some instances, however, Indian thinkers have preserved the aspect of diversity, setting forth the ultimate unity, not as void of distinctions and utterly abstract, but as in-

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 11.

clusive of, even though transcendent to, the differences which it organizes and synthesizes. Precisely as India, despite its astounding variety of climate, races, religions and civilizations, and its paradoxes and strains, is inclined to feel itself in some profound way as one, and often cherishes this unity beyond all else; and precisely as, speaking in the by and large, she, throughout the centuries antedating Western control, admitted with exemplary toleration the most varied types of religious beliefs and practices, acknowledging to all the value of bodying forth in some fashion the one eternal—just so have her philosophies, though prevailingly monistic, nevertheless at times sought to find place for all the vast choir of heaven and of earth. The point, however, which we are at present concerned to make is that in India the consciousness or realization of the ultimate or the all-embracing unity has ever seemed peculiarly clear.

The experience of himself as in essence the ultimate, or as falling within its life, or as being nought except in and through it, has been so strong and so universal as to set the typical Indian seer and philosopher quite apart from most of the thinkers of contemporary America. Religion for the former could never be identified, as it so often is by the latter, either with a certain quality of the social consciousness or with active participation in the ethical tasks of mankind. For the Hindu, it involves as an essential feature a life hidden in the absolute, a feeling of unity with the ultimate, an overpowering sense of the nothingness of man apart from God, along with an assurance that God is all in all to him. The influence of this outlook and experience we find reflected in much of India's metaphysics.

Moreover, in the latter the emphasis falls upon being and eternal reality, rather than upon becoming, transformation and progress in time. How the energetic Aryan invaders originally came to substitute the ideal of realization for that of aspiration, of possession for that of search, of being for that of striving, we need not inquire. But early indeed the shift occurred. Thereafter, pretty much throughout, India's seers and thinkers, as well as her sons and daughters generally, have been widely agreed as to the priority, alike in theory and in life, of being over becoming. Writes Professor Radhakrishnan: "Except the Pūrva Mīmāṃsā, all the systems aim at the practical end of salvation. The systems mean by release (moksa) the recovery by the soul of its natural integrity, from which sin and error drive it. All the systems have for their ideal complete mental poise and freedom from the discords and uncer-

tainties, sorrows and sufferings of life, 'a repose that ever is the same,' which no doubts disturb and no rebirths break into. The conception of *jīvanmukti*, or liberation in life, is admitted in many schools."⁵ Hence it is not surprising that "all the systems protest against the scepticism of the Buddhists, and erect a standard of objective reality and truth as opposed to an eternal, unstable flux. . . . It is assumed that whatever has a beginning has an end. Everything that is made up of parts can be neither eternal nor self-subsistent. The true individual is indivisible. The real is not the universe extended in space and time; for its nature is becoming and not being. There is something deeper than this—atoms and souls, or *puruṣa* and *prakṛti*, or Brahman."⁶

Entirely in harmony with the above is the typical Hindu view that even philosophy, as discursive reasoning and thought activity, cannot be the ultimate mode of human experience. To the latter philosophy can be but a pathway. Indeed much the same may be said of the ethical life. The one who knows, gets beyond reasoning processes to insight and realization; the holy man transcends the plane of moral striving where the good is a goal of effort—for him the good is an accomplished fact, an achieved experience. In an illuminating paper on "Approach to Metaphysics" which has recently appeared in *The New Era*, Professor Dasgupta has touched upon this point. In reference to metaphysical inquiry he writes: "Whether these intellectual efforts are required ultimately to point to some kind of solid experience as the ultimate result or whether the efforts themselves are sufficient to satisfy the craving of the mind in this direction, is a matter in which the Western and Indian minds are not in thorough agreement. I do not say that there is any history of open and positive disagreement and quarrel over this matter between them, but, it seems from the history of philosophy of the two countries, that European minds were always generally satisfied with the theoretical and rational enquiry, whereas, the Indian minds though they enforced strictest rational enquiry, always demanded some real experience which could verify the net results of the intellectual enquiry. With the Indian thinkers mere theoretical accuracy of thought leading logically to a certain conclusion, was not considered to be sufficient. It is curious that there were certain metaphysical results which they considered as being strictly verifiable in experience, and in which all the conflicting systems of thought, which were in hopeless quarrel over the epistemological,

⁵ Radhakrishnan, S., *Indian Philosophy*, p. 26.

⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 25 f.

ontological and logical parts of the theoretical enquiry, were mostly practically in agreement."

Hindu thinkers are therefore pretty much at one as regards their ultimate objective. This consists not in an accumulation of theoretical truths or even in the construction of a temple of knowledge. Truth is indeed highly prized and the vocation of the scholar is set on a pedestal. Yet in the last analysis the value of science and philosophy is deemed to be practical^{6a} and religious. It is the function of these disciplines to serve and to satisfy the basic needs of human life. Whatever the historic origin of the belief in the saving power of knowledge,⁷ it is primarily because of such power that knowledge is sought. Of the earlier thinkers, including the author of the *Gita*, Edgerton says that, though frequently differing on other points, they all agree in their fundamental attitude towards the objectives of speculation. These "are primarily religious rather than philosophical"; "all Hindu philosophy has a practical aim. It seeks the truth, but not the truth for its own sake. It is truth as a means of human salvation that is its object. In other words, all

^{6a} Our exposition would seem to receive general confirmation in Professor Dasgupta's recent volume, *Yoga Philosophy in Relation to Other Systems of Indian Thought*. Here it is pointed out that the speculative features of the Yoga philosophy were intended as a rational basis for the prescribed practises: their value, it is stated, is "that of a hypothesis, which, according to Yoga, enjoys the patronage of the Upanishads and serves to explain the results of the performance of Yoga practises." (p. 7.) It is but fair to add, however, that the same page from which this quotation is taken, includes also the sentence: "The Yoga . . . *unlike other systems*, (ital. mine) does not base its claims merely on the consistency of its speculative reasonings but also on a system of practises by which the speculative results at which it arrived can be directly verified." It is difficult to see how this passage can be reconciled with that which we quoted in our text from *The New Era*. True, the reference in the *Yoga Philosophy* is to a system of practises rather than to a direct experience of verification through realization, such as Professor Dasgupta said in *The New Era* that "Indian minds . . . always demanded." Nevertheless, it is difficult to see how one may logically claim, on the one hand, that Indian systems other than the Yoga base their claims *merely* on the consistency of their speculative reasonings and, on the other, that "Indian minds . . . always demanded some real experience which could *verify* (ital. mine) the net results of the intellectual inquiry." What may be said, we have allowed ourselves to claim, is that the ultimate objective of Indian philosophers has been in part to blaze a trail for thinking minds to a non-reflective yet noetic experience, while yet and also, in cases where this experience has been arrived at independently of speculative thought, to furnish logical underpinnings for it.

⁷ Professor Franklin Edgerton attributes it to primitive ideas of magic which left lingering traces even when they became transcended and transfigured. (Cf. *The Bhagavad Gita*, p. 7.) This would help to explain how it comes that in India knowledge commonly possesses a value quality that is quite unique, a quality quasi-transcendental as it were, and commanding a reverential regard akin to that often maintained toward the mysterious and the supernatural—a quality that distinguishes it from what is prevalent in the West in those circles where knowledge is construed as instrumental to needs and to practical or spiritual ends.

Hindu philosophy is religious in basis. To the Hindu mind, 'the truth shall make you free.' Otherwise there is no virtue in it. This is quite as true of the later systems as of the early and less systematic speculations. To all of them knowledge is a means to an end."⁸

The contention that Indian philosophy, while *religious* in basis, is *practical* in aim—that its esteem for scientific and metaphysical knowledge is due not to any independent value which such knowledge is supposed to have but to the practical value ascribed to it—might seem *prima facie* to bring into conjunction terms that we set into contrast in our foregoing exposition. For we referred to Indian philosophy as peculiarly dominated by certain features of the religious consciousness, and in so far we differentiated it from contemporary American culture which was said to reflect in a peculiar degree the experiences of practical, as well as of ethical, life and activity. This particular antithesis of the religious and the practical, however, in no wise prevents bracketing together the two terms in a description of the objectives of Indian philosophy. The reason for this is simple. It resides in the different meanings carried by the term "practical" in the two cases. In the earlier context, the term was given its Western connotation; now, in defining the aim of Indian philosophy, we employ it differently. In the one case, its associations are with utility, with particular ends to be attained, with the relations of objects and instruments to needs and desires, and to specific purposes realizable through courses of action; in the other, it refers to the satisfaction of a religious and spiritual yearning, to an experience of the absolute, to the attainment of a salvation that puts to rest the restless questioning of the intellect and the passionate urge of desire.

That from which knowledge is held by typical Indian thinkers to emancipate the individual is suffering^{8a} and *samsāra*, or the cycle of life. The bondage in this case is attributed to a peculiar form of ignorance, an ignorance whose nature it is to misconstrue the true character and value of things. Such ignorance is to be dispelled by traversing the paths of philosophy with the aim of securing an immediate realization of truth and reality. Salvation from *samsāra*, the supreme question of man, is found by every philosophical school of India in some special form of cognition. Yet there is a sense in which philosophy as reflective thought carries us only to the portals

⁸ Edgerton, Franklin, *op. cit.*, p. 6.

^{8a} Cf. Dasgupta, S. N., *Yoga Philosophy*, p. 87: "The practical motive of all systematic speculation in India was deliverance from suffering."

of realization. The tenets common to all the philosophical systems of India, Professor Radhakrishnan describes, almost at the outset of his discussion, in the following sentences: "Reason is subordinated to intuition. Life cannot be comprehended in its fulness by logical reason. Self-consciousness is not the ultimate category of the universe. There is something transcending the consciousness of self, to which many names are given—Intuition, Revelation, Cosmic Consciousness, and God-vision. We cannot describe it adequately, so we call it the super-consciousness. When we now and then have glimpses of this higher form, we feel that it involves a purer illumination and a wider compass. As the difference between mere consciousness and self-consciousness constitutes the wide gulf separating the animal from man, so the difference between self-consciousness and super-consciousness constitutes all the difference between man as he is and man as he ought to be. The philosophy of India takes its stand on the spirit which is above mere logic, and holds that culture based on mere logic or science may be efficient, but cannot be inspiring."⁹

Indian philosophies, thus, transcend, in many cases, the level of strictly ethical experience. Or, at any rate, they carry us beyond that which Bosanquet has aptly called "the realm of claims and counter-claims." "While virtue and vice may lead to a good or bad life within the circle of samsāra, we can escape from samsāra through the transcending of the moralistic individualism."¹⁰ Taken in conjunction with a universalistic and a cosmic perspective, this tends to make for great breadth of sympathy and good will. Mr. Chenchiah goes so far as to allege: "The essence of Hinduism is best expressed in the words of Coleridge: 'He prayeth best who loveth best, all things both great and small.' The religious mythology of India is shot through and through with this tender love for all manifestations of God. In the psalms of the Indian saints (unlike those of the Old Testament) there is never a hint of anger nor a desire for revenge."

Mr. Chenchiah's pronouncement is perhaps too exuberant. Nevertheless, in some respects, as exemplified in her reverence for and protection of the cow, Hinduism indubitably senses the oneness of all forms of life. Moreover, Hinduism has exhibited a rare hospitality to alien faiths; it has to a considerable degree included and taken up within herself various bodies of worshippers with

⁹ Radhakrishnan, S., *Indian Philosophy*, p. 25.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 27.

different gods and forms of cult, having been receptive, indeed, even to those for whom all gods are but subjective creations of finite mind; it has exercised a measure of religious toleration that brightens the annals of mankind. On the other hand, it must not be overlooked that humans are humans. They live not on or by creeds and insights alone. In practice, India has had and continues to have much bitter religious strife. Alike the Jains of the south and the Buddhists variously, as in Nepal and Orissa, have much to complain of regarding persecution by Hindus. Far worse still have been the sufferings inflicted by Hindus upon low caste co-religionists. Even the great philosopher Sankara quotes with approval the law books which prescribe that, if a Sudra overhears the Vedic chants, his ears are to be filled with lead; if he utters verses from the Veda, his tongue is to be cut off; and if he touches a copy of the Vedas, his body is to be dismembered. Aspiration to be a hermit subjects the Sudra to persecution. Indeed, the Ramayana reports that the god Rama beheaded Sambuka, a Sudra, because he had practiced penance, and the other gods are said to have been jubilant over what Rama had done.

In the life—and, indeed, even in the thought—of India, as elsewhere, there thus are clashing elements. But it is worth noting that Hinduism peacefully shelters within herself extremely diverse points of view in relation to gods and no-gods, as well as to worship and the cultivation of emotions. Moreover, the typical Hindu aspires to transcend the plane of narrow individualism and to attain to a cosmic perspective wherein everything finite is given place within an all-inclusive whole and is through such membership, or as an expression of the totality, vested with such reality and value, if any, as it may be deemed to have. These features operate strongly towards the expansion of sympathies and the exercise of tolerance in religion and philosophic views, as well as in the attitudes both reflected and cultivated by them.

Aristoxenus tells the story of a visit paid to Socrates by an Indian philosopher. When the immortal Greek told the latter that he devoted himself to the study of man and human affairs, he is said to have received a smile and the reply that no one could understand things human who did not understand things divine. Whether or not this story has any foundation in fact, it illustrates the profound conviction of Indian philosophers generally that there is a reality undisclosed by sense and that this reality affords the key

for such comprehension as may be possible of that which engages the thought of man.

The population of India generally has displayed an acute sense of the infinite and a reverent devotion to the unseen. It has felt that only in this perspective might one understand particular things and events, and only in this light should one direct one's life. Margaret E. Cousins, writing on "The Womanhood of India," has recently said: "Only those who have lived long and intimately amongst the women of India can appreciate the change that is flooding their lives bearing them forth to freedom, literacy, creative activity of all kinds, and all tinctured, nay, sprung from the fountain of spiritual realization, for the Indian woman's source of strength is ever her sense of the Eternal." Drawing on a larger canvas, Mr. P. Chenchiah has given us the following sketch: "The pursuit of the infinite, the search of the unknown has been the main pre-occupation of India all through the ages. The pageant of India—benevolent rulers, far-famed conquerors, learned pundits, incomparable philosophers, great poets and singers; palaces, palm-shaded villages and populous towns,—all these are in the picture. But in the center are the Sadhu and the Rishi (seer), the searchers after truth. All Indian arts, crafts and sciences are born of her religion. Indian music is the praise of the gods, Indian painting their portrait gallery, Indian architecture their temples. Amidst a thousand voices, all attractive and charming, India followed the trail of the Brahman, the mystery of God as it emerges in human consciousness and history."

For our present purposes it is indifferent what may be the specific forms in which the conviction of the infinite has received philosophic expression. Some there were, for example, who held the view that being possesses a depth which is unfathomable by the instrumentalities of abstract thought. Others, again, insisted upon a type of reality which, though designated as unknown, they nevertheless ardently longed in some way to capture and to express. However varied the formulations, we find in India, to a degree unknown in the West, a sense of the infinite, and this it is which not merely permeates wide reaches of her life but likewise dominates much of her philosophy.

Now we of America too are actively engaged in the search for the unknown. Never before in our history has so much importance been attached to discovery or so much energy and resourcefulness been displayed in research. This is true of our universities and

technological institutions, and it finds exemplification also in numerous organizations which are sustained exclusively for purposes of scientific investigation. Indeed, even some of our larger industries have set up well equipped laboratories and staffed them with highly trained specialists in numerous fields not only of applied but also of the pure sciences. But in the main the unknown which is in these cases the object of the quest is equivalent essentially to the not yet known. It is continuous with that of which we possess clear knowledge. Often, indeed, it is conceived as of a piece with the perceptual order. The latter is in such cases commonly given a twofold rôle: that of setting the problems with which reason should occupy itself and that also of validating or negating the conclusions which reason proposes.

Among India's thinkers we find some who are fascinated by the natural and psychological orders of perceptual and introspective experience, and who are very fearful of any departure from the leadings of modern science. And, on the other hand, there are philosophers of contemporary America who are stressing the extent of the unknown and are insisting that, as the latter enters knowledge, much or all of what has been accepted as true will require revision; there are those who are sensitive to the limitations of that which is ever actually knowable, even though it be not in principle unknowable. Thus, India has thinkers who exemplify the dominant Western traits and America has those who in some measure embody characteristics common in India. Hence outer wings of Indian and American thought tend to meet. Yet even in these cases closer scrutiny will disclose differences arising from divergent matrices. In their central, their most characteristic and potent, features, the unknown, the infinite and the real being of which large numbers in India have always had some form of consciousness and for which they have maintained an intense longing, are very different indeed from anything that commands wide attention on the part of our intellectual explorers even in the field of philosophy.

The contrast thus alleged may receive further illumination through another which is closely related thereto and to which we now pass. From the days of the Vedas on down, we find closely associated with the consciousness of the essential mystery of things, a restless feeling of wonder. In the earliest time, this experience was aroused by physical nature, whose awesome features in India are peculiarly fitted to exercise such an influence. At a later period, the sense of mystery and the associated wonder were stimulated

more especially by subtle stirrings and forebodings within the self. Now the wonder thus aroused has a quality that not merely impels the mind beyond what is already grasped to something essentially similar thereto, as does that form of wonder which prevails in the America of today. The wonder of the Indian is one akin to that involved in the religious consciousness, one that engenders a relation to a reality genuinely, and in some very significant sense qualitatively, distinct from the physical and the psychological factors arousing it. I am not sure but what the latter rather than the former represents the experience of Kant when contemplating the starry heavens above and the moral law within. If so, those interpreters of the Koenigsberger have a point in their favour who construe his doctrine of noumena and things-in-themselves not in terms of the limits of the given, as does the Marburg School, but in a much more dualistic fashion. Or again, consider what Plato meant when he described wonder as "the mark of the genuine philosopher so that he was no bad geneologist who said that Iris is the child of wonder." Contrast this with the wonder described by Comte in a passage which declares that this is man's deepest motivation, and that no suffering can be more acute than the consternation arising from the thought that some event may happen in violation of the laws of phenomena. This wonder is that of the scientists, the positivists, and certain of the empirical philosophers. From it we must distinguish that to which Carlyle referred when he contended that "He who cannot and does not wonder (and worship) were he President of innumerable Royal Societies and possessed the epitome of Hegel's philosophy and the knowledge of all the laboratories and observatories of modern Europe within his single head, he who does not perpetually wonder is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye." Now this wonder which for Plato constitutes the mark of a genuine philosopher, which was in all probability associated with the awe and reverence aroused in Kant by the starry heavens and the ethical imperative, and which, in Carlyle's phrase, distinguishes a seeing eye from glassy spectacles is, if my limited knowledge may be trusted, precisely what we find to an exceptional degree among the seers and thinkers of India's many centuries. Together with Plato and the major philosophers of medieval Europe, they powerfully strengthen the conviction of those who, despite much of unquestionable value in the thought of contemporary America, find therein limitations connected with the functioning of what William James labelled the thick-skinned mind.

The drawing of contrasts is theoretically perilous, especially when one is dealing with matters as complex as philosophy and culture. Nevertheless, it is hoped that enough will have been said to justify the affirmation that Indian philosophy diverges in significant ways from the spirit and the thought currents of the contemporary West, and to render at least plausible the thesis that the differences which present themselves arise in no small measure from the more intimate relationship which the life and the speculative thought of India have maintained with the deliverances of the religious consciousness. The chief points which we have sought to make might be summarized as follows: In respect to the feeling of wonder, the concept of practical, and the value attached to knowledge, there are significant differences between the spirit of India and that of present-day America; and in each case these differences arise from the greater prominence in the Indian mind of a sense of the infinite and of the religious note. Indian philosophy has its orientation in the relation of the self and the world; its goal is not abstract knowledge but a characteristic type of experience. Its aims are practical—practical, however, not in the sense of enhancing man's power over the material or the social environment, or of realizing ends of a purely or narrowly ethical sort, but in the sense of satisfying the more ultimate need of salvation. It thus transcends the plane of morality. In distinction from the centrifugal philosophy of an "expanding will" which, at its best, centers about the perfecting of society and its world, the philosophy of India turns to a supernature discoverable in the recesses of the human soul and suggesting the need for spiritual realization. Its emphasis is upon being rather than becoming. In opposition to doctrines of flux, it stresses an objective reality that furnishes an absolute standard of truth and of spiritual values. The individual aspires to an overpowering experience of the ultimate, and the philosopher is inclined to a metaphysical monism which looks beyond particulars to a whole or a totality within which they fall. Power and goodness are conjoined in the concept of karma. We thus have a marked divergence from the temporalism, pragmatism, and instrumentalism, and pluralism which are so prominent in the contemporary West, and from those analytic and intellectualistic strains that pervade so many of its philosophies.

THE LOVES OF THE DEMONS

BY MAXIMILIAN RUDWIG

THE medieval superstition about the loves between demons and humans is a theological interpretation of the ancient belief in the cohabitation of gods with mortal women. The pagan deities, after they had been raised to demonhood by Christianity, still continued to seek the company of the daughters of the earth. In the Northern European countries, this medieval belief was, in addition, a survival of the old Teutonic mythology in which elves and trolls woo or abduct mortals. The mystagogues and occultists of the eighteenth century reverted to the old indigenous belief that the demons who joined themselves carnally to mortals were actually elemental spirits. "In the latter half of the eighteenth century," Anatole France tells us, "much was spoken of sylphs and salamanders, elves, gnomes, and gnomides. They are born with souls as perishable as their bodies, and they acquire immortality by commerce with the magi. . . . Demons are no other than sylphs and salamanders. They are in truth beautiful and benevolent. . . . The angels whom Enoch shows us allying themselves to women in amorous intercourse are sylphs and salamanders" (*la Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, 1893). The reader will recall in this connection Fouqué's *Undine* (1811), which is based on this belief in an amorous alliance between an elemental spirit and a man. It is the story of a beautiful water-fairy, who has no soul and who can obtain a soul only by marrying a mortal. But she gains with this soul all human sorrows. Her husband is unfaithful to her, and she kisses him dead.

The apocryphal Book of Enoch, in its elaboration of the biblical account of a union between the sons of God and the daughters of men (Gen. vi. 1-4), fully admits the possibility of physical relations between celestial and terrestrial beings. The Talmud teaches that

the angels who forsook the choir-stalls of heaven for the love-beds of earth received corporeal forms so that they could be carnally joined to mortal women. The demons who descended from these fallen angels inherited the bodies of their parents, and therefore could continue seeking the company of the daughters of men. Other demons, who, in Talmudic tradition, formed a part of the six days' creation, received no corporeal forms because they were fashioned toward the end of the sixth day when the Lord was in a hurry to finish his work in order to avoid desecrating the holy Sabbath. These evil spirits, nevertheless, in the opinion of the rabbis, could avail themselves of human senses and passions by nestling in the hearts of human beings.¹ In Christian mythology, the cohabitation between ethereal and material beings offered no difficulty. The demons, although possessing no bodies, could borrow human forms whenever they wished to join themselves to mortals in amorous union.

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Medieval superstition knew of a species of demons whose special mission was to seek carnal relations with mortals. They appeared either in the form of men or of women and were consequently called *incubi* and *succubi*. The *incubus* (Latin term for the English expression "lie on") was a demon in the form of a man who haunted women in their sleep, and the *succubus* (Latin term for the English expression "lie under") was a demon in woman's guise who visited men in their dreams. The Church put its full faith in this popular superstition and persecuted all who confessed having had such carnal connections. Medieval monks and nuns stood in holy terror of these lustful demons. The French novelist, Joris-Karl Huysmans, humorously calls these imps of hell "ecclesiastical microbes," since they chiefly tormented holy men and women in the monasteries and convents.

The belief in *incubi* and *succubi* was prevalent in all European countries. Witches and wizards openly avowed their relations with these demons. Cæsarius of Heisterbach, in his *Dialogus magnus visionarum et miraculorum* (thirteenth century), records several manifestations of *incubi* and *succubi*.²

¹ Cf. Moncure Daniel Conway: *Demonology and Devil-Lore* (2 vols., 3rd ed., New York, 1889), II, 94.

² On the belief in the *incubus*, see the chapter "Die gespenstische Buhlschaft" in Erasmus Francisci's *Der höllische Proteus* (2nd ed., 1695). Professor

The delusion of these diabolical paramours did not end with the Middle Ages, that dark period of human history. It has continued to this day, especially in Catholic countries. This fact need not surprise us at all. For the Catholic, this belief, as any other belief, has been fixed *ne varietur* by the Church. Thus, in 1861, the Abbé Lecanu, writing a history of Satan, began with these words:

"In the matter of beliefs, we must return to those of the fifteenth century; we set forth this aphorism right at the beginning, in order that those who do not feel themselves in agreement with us may not waste their time by reading us."

Father Sinistrari, of Ameno, living in the seventeenth century, gives, in his learned work on *Demoniality or, Incubi and Succubi*,³ long and detailed accounts of these demons who assume human forms for the purpose of indulging in the vices of men. An English priest, the Reverend Father Montague Summers, who has recently brought out a critical edition of Sinistrari's work, fully shares, in this "enlightened" century, the belief in this medieval *incubus*-delusion.

In all fairness, however, it should be added that the belief in *incubi* and *succubi* is not now generally held by the Catholic priests. Anatole France, in *les Opinions de Jérôme Coignard* (1893), puts doubts into the mouth of his spokesman with regard to this medieval superstition. He has this liberal priest say:

"It is not written in the Fathers that the Devil begets children on poor girls. All these tales of Satanic lust are disgusting imaginings, and it is a disgrace that Jesuits and Dominicans have written about them."

The psychological basis for this belief in evil spirits who visited human beings in their sleep is sufficiently clear to any person who is even superficially acquainted with the modern theory of sex-repression and the working of the subconscious mind during our sleep. Reginald Scot, as early as the sixteenth century, explained

George Lyman Kittredge, in his *Witchcraft in Old and New England* (1928), also has a long chapter on this subject. An interesting legend of a *succubus* will be found in E. L. Linton's *Witch Stories Collected from Scotland and England* (London, 1861).

³The original Latin manuscript of Sinistrari's book was discovered in 1872. It was translated into French in 1875 and into English four years later. A new English translation from the Latin, accompanied by an introduction and notes, was issued, in 1927, in London.

the common belief of his day in *incubi* and *succubi* on physiological grounds, by assuming "some euyl humour" in the mortal's physical constitution. His contemporary, Johann Schenck, a Rhenish physician, explained the *incubus* delusion as the obstruction of the vessels which connect the spleen to the stomach by the thickening of the melancholic juices, which are converted into black bile.

The mediæval belief in *incubi* and *succubi* has been frequently employed in works of fiction. Balzac has treated the *succubus motif* in his story *le Succube* (1833), which tells of the tragic fate of a beautiful woman, believed by her contemporaries to be a demon who charmed men in order to lead them to their ruin. Zulma, the Mauritian, had been brought to France from Africa by gypsies and left as a young girl in a church of Tours to fill the place of a statue of the Virgin Mary which they had carried off. The priest of the church baptized her and placed her in a convent; but when she grew up, her Oriental blood asserted itself, and she yearned for the world. After having escaped from the convent with the aid of a priest, who first taught her to sin, she sank lower and lower until she menaced the morals of the town. She was accused of luring men to sin by supernatural means, condemned and sentenced to death. Joséphin Péladan's novel, *la Victoire du mari* (1889), is an interesting modern handling of the old *incubus* delusion.

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The amorous ability of the Devil himself has been doubted on theological grounds by many demonologists. Inasmuch as Satan's fall, according to tradition, was the result of his pride and envy, it has been taken for granted that an incapacity for admiration or affection was the chief characteristic of the fallen angel. Théophile Gautier, in his essay on Baudelaire (1868), clearly states that "the distinguishing feature of Satan is that he is incapable of admiration or love." In Byron's *Cain* (1821), Lucifer mocks and gibes all through, not only at love of God, but at all human love, at Cain's love for Adah and for his children, at his affection for Adam and for Abel. Moreover, misogyny is generally included in misanthropy. His hatred of woman necessarily must form a part of the arch-enemy's hatred of all mankind. Furthermore, Satan's aversion to woman is probably even greater than his enmity to man. The war between woman and the Devil dates back to the days in Eden

when Satan used Eve as a tool to accomplish the fall of man, and when in revenge the Lord gave the woman the power to crush the serpent's head (Gen. iii. 15). This biblical story has justified many demonologists in affirming that dislike for the fair sex is a distinctly diabolical trait.

Certain demonologists, wishing to offer a reconciliation between the Catholic conception of the character and conduct of Satan and the popular superstition about the Fiend's fondness for the fair sex in this respect distinguish between the Devil and his demons. Satan himself, they maintain, has no room in his heart for any affection. The rest of the demons, however, having followed their leader, in his rebellion, out of devotion to him, are not safe against the wiles of women.

The belief in Satan's sensuality presents, however, a greater difficulty from the psychological point of view. The consistency of the character of the Tempter demands his unsusceptibility to the charms of the beautiful sex. For he is certainly a poor general who depends for victory on a certain weakness of his enemy which is also his own weakness.

These objections can be answered by calling attention to the fact that Satan, in paying court to the fair daughters of this earth, need not have his heart in the affair; and, not unlike many a mortal man, he merely pretends that he has an affection for his victims. Neither is it necessary to infer from Satan's relations to mortal women that he has sexual desires. He may in such instances act only as the tempter to sin without himself feeling any emotions. In fact, the frigidity of the Fiend has been well established by tradition. The medieval witches who confessed to having had carnal connections with the Devil complained of the bitter coldness of their diabolical lover. Very remarkably unanimous on this particular are the confessions of all the witches of every country.

European folk-lore contains many instances in support of the belief that the Devil himself did not disdain dallying with the fair daughters of Eve. The strategy of Satan in his relations with the beautiful sex was simple and infallible. When he wished to dominate a woman, he first took from her her virginity. It seems that, after this first sacrifice, she could refuse him nothing more and became his very obedient slave. In his efforts to obtain the soul of a woman, Satan would not shrink from any sacrifice. For a woman

this *cavalier servente* was willing to perform any sort of service, no matter how menial, if he had hope of winning her in the end. (In this respect, Satan is again not unlike many a mortal man.) But the Devil was often duped out of his due. There is a story of a Portuguese courtesan named Lupa, whom Satan served as a waiting-maid for several years, deeming this one soul worth such long and patient labor. But she died, in spite of all this trouble, repentant and sanctified, with St. Francis and St. Anthony mounting guard at her bedside.

Satan, as this tale shows, did not limit his attentions to virtuous girls, but even courted women of loose morals. He seemed, however, to prefer to pay his devotions to married women for the reason that adultery is a greater sin than unchastity, and his aim was always high. Anatole France, speaking from the viewpoint of the credulous common folk, assures us, in his already mentioned work, *la Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, that in former times the demons "used to take a hand in domestic life in a far more intimate fashion than they do today." One of the tricks, in which the Devil indulged on his amorous adventures, was to impersonate some man of spotless character in order to besmirch his name. "Occasionally," writes Lecky, "with a still more refined malice, the Evil One assumed the appearance of some noted divine, in order to bring discredit upon his character; and an astonished maiden saw, prostrate at her feet, the form of one she knew to be a bishop, and whom she believed to be a saint."⁴ Satan's power of impersonation was so great that women often gave birth to children that in miniature perfectly resembled the parish priest.

Apart from the ambiguity of such philoprogenitiveness, the procreative ability of the Devil has, however, often been called by Protestants into question, although Luther formally declared that the Devil, as the antithesis of the Deity, could beget children by virgins.⁵ The Old Testament, figuratively of course, speaks of the sons and daughters of Belial, and the New Testament of the children of the Devil (Acts xiii, 10; I John iii, 10). Sir Thomas Browne emphasized Satan's sterility. "I could believe," said he, "that spirits use with man the act of carnality, and that in both sexes; . . . yet

⁴ Wm. E. H. Lecky: *A History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe*, 2 vols., London, 1865.

⁵ Consult on this question Schubart's learned Latin treatise, *De potentia Diaboli in sensus hominum* (1748).

in both, without the possibility of generation" (*Religio Medici*, 1642). Balzac likewise affirms that the Devil "copulates but doth not engender." It is probably because he lacks children that Lucifer complains in Byron's *Cain* (1821), "My brotherhood's with those who have no children."

Many demonologists hold the belief that the offspring of demons can only assume the form of animals. "When a demon fathers a child," says Anatole France, in his already twice mentioned work, *la Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, "it takes the shape of an animal." Others assert that the children of demons can only be demons or some other uncanny creatures. According to the belief of German country folk, elves are the offspring of demons and witches.^{5a} Still others maintain that the child of a demon comes into the world only in the form of a physical monster.

Hoffmann's story, "Der Teufel in Berlin" (in *Die Serapiens-Brüder*, 1819-1821, has for its subject the birth of a devil-baby. Satan, however, is not the physical father of the child born to a high Prussian commercial dignitary. In this tale, it was the impression made by the Devil upon the woman during her pregnancy that produced this monster to the great consternation of his parents.

The green monster in Gérard de Nerval's story, "le Diable vert" (1849), owes its deformity to still less material causes. In the French author's story, at a police sergeant's wedding-feast, the groom drinks the wine from a bottle found in a fantastic cellar, although he knows that this liquor is possessed of the Devil. Nine months afterwards his wife gives birth to a monster who is as green as the seal of the bottle emptied by the father on the occasion of his wedding. All efforts on the part of the parents to change the color of the child's complexion are in vain. The boy remains to the day of his death just as he was at his birth, a green monster. For this reason, the author explains, it is customary among Frenchmen to send each other to the green devil—*au diable vert*.⁶

The turning-point in Hoffmann's famous work, *Die Elixiere des Teufels* (1815), comes with the birth of a demon-child, who, in this case, is the product of a demon-mother and a human father. This story goes back to the days of the Thebaid, at which period

^{5a} In A. Petöfi's poem, "Schwert und Kette," the chain as symbol of slavery is the child of Satan and of a witch.

⁶ For the correct explanation of this expression, see Littré's *Dictionnaire de la langue française*, 5 vols. Paris, 1863-77.

a certain saint obtains an elixir from the Devil. This fatal phial is later brought from the Egyptian wilderness to Europe and, after many centuries, it falls into the hands of a painter and pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, an Italian prince, who drinks it and is fired with infernal aims and ambitions. He produces amazing paintings, commits a series of atrocious crimes, and finally consummates an unlawful union with a diabolical phantom, by whom a son is born to him. At the sight of this monster, the father is seized with the most agonizing feelings of remorse. He is suffered to purchase his pardon, however, on condition that he shall continue to do penance as a wanderer on the face of the earth until the race to which he has given origin shall die out in virtuous atonement. That end must focus in the person of some descendant whose sanctity shall be as remarkable as was the original depravity of his cursed ancestor. This consummation comes in the eighteenth century in the person of Brother Medardus, who is the custodian of this elixir in a monastery in East Prussia. He also drinks it and is led to quit the cloister and commit numerous and atrocious crimes. But he repents in the end and thus brings about not only his own salvation but also that of his wandering ancestor.

The belief in a devil-baby has survived to this day among the backward peoples of Europe, as may be seen from a news item, printed in the *New York World* of February 18, 1920, about the birth of a devil in Russia.

This belief has even been transplanted to our own country. Miss Jane Addams, in an article printed in the *American Journal of Sociology*, of July, 1914, tells of the vivid interest of many old Italian women in the story of the supposed birth of a devil-baby in Chicago.⁷

The tradition of a child sprung from the union of a demon-father and a human mother was confused in the popular mind with the belief in a demon-baby placed in the bed of a lying-in woman. The demons, in imitation of the elves, were often supposed to substitute a child of their own for the human baby, which was therefore called a changeling. Thus in certain parts of France, we are informed by Victor Hugo in *les Travailleurs de la mer* (1866), the child from the union between a demon and a human mother was called *cambion*, which is the equivalent of our "changeling."

⁷ This story has been revised and reprinted in the *Atlantic Classics*, 2nd series, Boston, 1910.

Not all the sons of Satan, however, bear in their faces the mark of their diabolical descent. The "Mark of the Beast" in the children would defeat the aim of their father, who, in bringing these imps into the world, wished to promote through them in a more efficacious manner the work of hell on earth.

Many historical persons are believed to be of diabolical descent. The false prophet Bar-Jesus is called by St. Paul "child of the Devil" (Acts xiii. 10). Merlin the Wizard was, according to medieval legend, the son of a demon or an arch-*incubus* and a nun.⁸ He was to undo on earth the work of Jesus, but instead turned from his father to Christ. It was Merlin, Satan's own son—for such is the irony of mythology—who helped Parsifal recover the largest of all diamonds, dropped from the crown of Satan as he fell from heaven, out of which, according to legend, the Holy Grail was fashioned.⁹

Robert the Devil, who also had Satan as his progenitor, did not follow in his father's footsteps, either.¹⁰ On the other hand, Ezzelino, the tyrant of Padua (in Albert Mussato's *Eccelinus*), another son of Satan, lived as was befitting his procreation. Mohamed and Pope Sylvester II were also considered children of demons. Luther and Dr. Faustus were in the Roman Catholic eyes twin sons of the Devil. Voltaire was also held by his enemies to be of diabolical descent. It was even rumored that Satan (Eblis in the Koran) was the real father of Cain, whom Eve passed off on her unsuspecting husband. The medieval sect of the Cainites worshipped Cain as the son of Satan. The Catholics formerly believed that all Freemasons were the fruit of Eve's adultery with the Serpent.

Whole families, peoples and races were popularly believed to be

⁸ According to the belief of the eighteenth-century occultists, as expressed in Anatole France's *la Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, Merlin was not the son of a demon but of a sylph, who had intercourse with his mother. On Merlin's diabolical descent, see also the chapter "The Devil-Compact in Tradition and Belief" of the present work, note 23.

⁹ Geoffrey of Monmouth, in his adaptation of Nennius' *Historia britanica* (ninth century), brought the Marvelous Merlin into Arthurian romance and Robert de Borron, in a poem dating from the thirteenth century, connected the old Welsh enchanter with the legend of the Holy Grail. See F. Lot, "Études sur Merlin," *Annales de Bretagne*, XV (1900).

¹⁰ A résumé of Balzac's lyrical analysis of Meyerbeer's opera, *Robert le Diable* (1831), will be found in the present writer's article, "Balzac and the Fantastic," *Sevance Review*, XXXIII (1925), 2-24. On Robert the Devil's diabolic descent, see also the chapter "The Devil-Compact in Tradition and Belief" of the present work, note 27.

of diabolical descent. The Jews taught that all other races descended from the demons, while the other races believed that all Jews had horns. To the Greeks the Scythian race was of diabolical origin. According to Cæsarius of Heisterbach, the "fortissima gens Hunnorum" was descended from outcast Gothic women and *incubi dæmones*. All the kings of Britain down to the present day are alleged by Cæsarius to be the descendants of a *mater phantastica*. This credulous writer supports the belief expressed in English metrical romances that Richard Cœur de Lion had a demon mother, who flew off through the roof of the church when King Henry tried to detain her at the moment of the elevation of the host.¹¹

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The *motif* of the demon lover plays a prominent part in the legends and literatures of all European countries. Many writers recall the fancy conceived by the fiends of hell for the fair daughters of this earth. The anatomically melancholy Burton tells of an evil spirit who was smitten with a mortal maiden. Walter Scott, in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802), retells the old medieval legend of the demon lover.¹²

This legend of the demon lover has also been treated by Bürger in his "Lenore" (1774). In this Ballad, the Devil appears on horseback at midnight beneath the window of Lenore in the form of her lover William, who fought at the side of King Frederick at the battle of Prague and died on that occasion, and calls her to ride with him to their bridal bed.

The French fantastic writer, Jacques Cazotte, in his romance, *le Diable amoureux* (1772), tells the story of Beelzebub, who, having taken the form of a fair young woman, conceived a passion for an earth-born man. This work is so important as the first specimen of French fantastic fiction that we offer a lengthy summary of its unusually interesting subject-matter.¹³

¹¹ See George L. Kittredge, *op. cit.*, pp. 116-7.

¹² Cf. Franz Hartmann: "The doctrine of the Demon-Lover," *Borderland*, III (1896), 353-8.

¹³ The synopsis of this story has been written after the résumé given by Edward Yardley in his book: *The Supernatural in Romantic Fiction*, London, 1880. Cazotte's romance has been translated several times into English under the title *The Devil in Love*. The first English translation appeared in London in 1793, and the second translation followed seven years later. An English

In this work, a young Spanish gentleman named Alvarez is the speaker throughout the story, and relates the adventures as happening to himself. He is a captain in the guard of the King of Naples, and among his brother officers is one named Soberano who is a cabalist, or, in other words, a man versed in Hebrew necromancy. He is skilled in the science of transmuting metals and enslaving the elemental spirits. Alvarez burns with the desire to communicate with the spirits, and presses Soberano to give him at once the means of doing so. Soberano intimates that, to accomplish his desire without danger to himself, he should first pass through some long term of probation. But the impatience of Alvarez will not permit him to wait. He declares that nothing, however terrible, can shake his resolution, and that he would pull the ears of the biggest devil in hell. Seeing him thus resolved, Soberano lets him have his way. They dine together, in company with two friends of Soberano, who are also cabalists, and then set out to the ruins of Portici. Proceeding through the ruins, they arrive at a vault, in which Soberano inscribes a magic circle. He instructs Alvarez to enter the circle and pronounce certain words, calling out three times the name of Beelzebub. He then withdraws with his companions. Alvarez, left to himself, pronounces the words, and calls on the Devil, according to his instructions. Hardly has he done so, when a window opens opposite to him at the top of the vault, a torrent of light, more dazzling than that of day, bursts through the opening, the head of a camel huge and horrible, with ears of enormous size, shows itself at the window and cries out: *Che vuoi?* Alvarez sustains his courage and orders the phantom to appear under another form. Thereupon the camel vomits a white spaniel, with ears sweeping the ground, and vanishes. As Alvarez makes a movement to pull the spaniel's ears, it throws itself on its back, and he perceives that it is a female. The dog, or rather bitch, afterwards appears in the form of a beautiful woman, to whom Alvarez gives the name of Biondetta. She, submissive, and to all appearance passionately attached to her master, does all in her power to form with him the closest connection. Alvarez, although by no means insensible to her fascinations, is somewhat alarmed at the prospect

version also appeared in Boston in 1830. An illustrated edition of this romance was published again in Boston in 1925. It was also turned into an opera by Saint-Georges and Mazilliers and produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane in 1843. A Spanish translation of Cazotte's work (*El Diabolo enamorado*) appeared in Gibraltar in 1890.

of thus giving himself utterly to the Devil. She, however, deceitfully maintains that she is not the camel that appeared to him in the first instance, but that she is a sylphide, who, having fallen in love with him and assumed the form of a woman, is now doomed to continue this existence. As a compromise, he proposes marriage, but she naturally shrinks from anything so proper, and redoubles her efforts to seduce him. At last she is successful, and then the following conversation and scene take place.

"With a voice, to whose sweetness no music could be compared, she said:

"Have I made the happiness of my Alvarez, as he has made mine? But no; I am still the only happy one; he shall be so; I will intoxicate him with pleasure; I will fill him with knowledge; I will raise him to the summit of greatness. Wilt thou, beloved, be the most privileged of creatures, and rule with me over mankind, over the elements, over all nature?"

"'Oh, dear Biondetta,' I said, 'thou art sufficient for me; thou fulfillest all the desires of my heart.'

"'No! no!' she said quickly, 'Biondetta is not sufficient for thee; that is not my name; it flattered me; I bore it with pleasure; but it is necessary that thou shouldst know who I am. I am the Devil, my dear Alvarez, I am the Devil.'

"She pronounced this word with an accent of enchanting sweetness.

"'Cease,' I said, 'my dear Biondetta, or whosoever thou mayst be, to pronounce that fatal name, and recall to me a mistake long since abjured.'

"'No, my dear Alvarez, no, it was not a mistake; I was obliged to make thee believe so, my pet. It was necessary to deceive thee in order to make thee reasonable. Thou seest I am not so black as I am represented to be.'

"This badinage disconcerted me.

"'But answer then,' she said.

"'And what shall I answer?'

"'Ingrate, place thy hand on the heart that adores thee; let a little of the delicious fire that burns in my veins be infused into thine; soften, if thou canst, the sound of that voice, so fit to inspire love, which thou usest only to terrify my timid soul; say to me, but with all the tenderness that I feel for thee, "My dear Beelzebub, I adore thee."' "

"At this fatal name, though so tenderly pronounced, a mortal terror seized me; stupor and astonishment crushed my soul. She did not give me time to recover myself and

reflect on my folly. Without perceptibly altering the tone of her voice, she continued:

“Thou camest to seek me; I have followed thee, served thee, assisted thee, and have fulfilled all thy wishes. I desired possession of thee, and, in order that I should obtain it, it was necessary that thou shouldst abandon thyself freely to me. Henceforth, Alvarez, our union is indissoluble, but it is important for us to know each other. As I already know thee by heart, in order to make the advantage reciprocal, I must show myself to thee as I really am.’

“I had no time to reflect on this singular harangue. I heard a sharp hissing at my side. . . . I turned my eyes. Instead of the ravishing figure, what did I see? Oh! Heaven! it was the frightful head of the camel. It articulated with a voice of thunder the gloomy *Che ruoi!* which had so terrified me before, burst into a fit of human laughter more dreadful still and put out a monstrous tongue.”

In Vigny's poem, "Eloa" (1823), the Devil's Dulcinea is not an ordinary mortal, but an angel, for there are women among the angels, at least so the poets tell us. This woman angel, who abandons heaven in order to dwell with the Devil in hell, is no other than the daughter of Christ. Eloa has sprung from a tear shed by Jesus over the tomb of Lazarus and was transformed by the Lord into an angel of the beautiful sex. The mission of this woman angel is to console the disconsolate, to love the afflicted. She is the celestial original of those mortal women who devote themselves to suffering creatures, degraded and guilty, whom they endeavor to raise and redeem.

In heavenly conversation with her brother angels, Eloa happens to hear with horror the story of the fallen angels, and, far from feeling any antipathy toward her wayward brothers, she is stimulated to aid them in their affliction. Eloa is no longer happy in the perfumed groves, amid which the angels wander, but yearns to descend into the abyss to bring consolation to her condemned co-angels. She feels that the angels of heaven do not need her sympathy because they are all happy. Among the children of men there are indeed many unhappy, but among the fallen angels there are some who are still more unhappy; and the angel most in need of her sympathy is Satan himself. In her opinion, Satan as "the most culpable must also be the most unfortunate of all the unfortunates."

Eloa feels that, if she could but find this great culprit, she would comfort him and perhaps even lead him back to righteousness.

Tormented with this thought, Eloa vacates her celestial dwelling to go in search of the exiled archangel. One day, as she is winging her way in the solitudes of the sky, she encounters an angel of brilliant beauty and seductive melancholy. Without telling her who he is, the Devil ensnares the fair angel with his personal charms and eloquent speeches of sweet sensuality. The unsophisticated maiden from heaven listens to the bland words of the Arch-Deceiver, is won by his hypocritical tears and finally sinks into his arms. Not knowing who he is, she loves him. Angel as she is, she is also a woman. Her compassion is thus rewarded by falling passionately in love with the banished archangel and resigning herself to his fatal power. Mephitopheles awakened aversion in Margaret, Ada felt pity for Lucifer, in Eloa this pity changes into love. It is her pity for the poor Devil that brings about the undoing of this maiden angel. "The Catholic priests," remarked Anatole France apropos of this poem, in his essay on Alfred de Vigny (1868), "who have acquired such a sure knowledge of the human heart, are right in saying that pity is a dangerous sentiment." Born on this earth, Margaret contributes to the redemption of Faust, but the heavenly daughter of Christ, the angel Eloa, forfeiting forever the delights of heaven, falls into the arms of the king of darkness. Unsuccessful in her efforts to lift the Devil to heaven, she consents to be dragged down by him to hell. Wrapped in a flowing cloud, the two pass together down to hell; and a chorus of faithful seraphim, winging their way back to heaven, overhear this latest and fatal dialogue:

"Où me conduisez-vous, bel ange?—Viens toujours.
 —Que votre voix est triste, et quel sombre discours!
 N'est-ce pas Éloa qui soulève ta chaîne?
 J'ai cru t'avoir sauvé.—Non, c'est moi qui t'entraîne.
 —Si nous sommes unis, peu m'importe en quel lieu!
 Nomme-moi donc encore ou ta Sœur ou ton Dieu!
 —J'enlève mon esclave et je tiens ma victime.
 —Tu paraissais si bon! Oh! qu'ai-je fait?—Un crime.
 —Seras-tu plus heureux? du moins, est-tu content?
 —Plus triste que jamais.—Qui donc es-tu?—Satan."

The Devil's greatest *passion de cœur*, however, was for a Georgian girl, who sought refuge from demoniac love in a convent and died there. Lermontov, in his poem, *The Demon* (written in

the years 1829-1841), depicts the Devil as suffering from boredom and seeking happiness in a woman's love. He has broken with earth and heaven and looks with contempt upon all who are moved by petty passions. An exile from paradise and a hater of human virtues, he has known these petty passions and despises them with all his superiority. He flies over the earth and contemplates the actions of men with contempt. He is weary of everything. Mankind has become corrupt and no longer offers any opposition when he tempts them. Hatred is predominant in his heart, and he has nothing but scorn for whatever he sees.

But Tamara, the daughter of Gudal, a Caucasian chief, is about to be married to the Lord of Sinodal. She spends the evening preceding her wedding, dancing and singing with her girl friends. This girl is so pure and lovely that she would arouse noble thoughts even in the Demon, and make him long for his lost paradise, if he chanced to see her. The Demon does see her, and he loves her. In order to prevent the marriage of Tamara to another, he tempts the Lord of Sinodal, who is riding to the wedding at the head of a gay cavalcade, to travel more swiftly through a dangerous mountain-pass, where he is attacked by robbers and slain. The horse of the groom arrives at Gudal's castle with the dead rider on its back. The Demon appears to Tamara in her dreams, as she lies on the bridal bed, after she has fallen asleep exhausted from the tears shed over her dead lover, and urges her to grieve no more for one who is now past help, but to open her heart to a love greater than that of any mortal.

Tamara, seeking a way to protect herself against the visits of the Demon and hoping to find consolation in religion for the loss of her lover, begs her father to permit her to enter a convent. But even in her sacred cell she can find no peace or safety. Her new lover is but a phantom. She prays and weeps before her crucifix but receives no comfort. In all her dreams the Demon appears and begs for her love. The Demon, after long hesitation, finally ventures into the convent in person. He is confronted by a seraph, Tamara's guardian angel, who, with a flaming sword in his hand, wishes to bar the door for the Demon. Exulting in his great power, however, the Demon tells the angel that the latter's efforts to protect Tamara are all too late, for he is in love with her, and nothing can now keep him from her. Angry words are exchanged, and the seraph, believing Tamara to be hopelessly lost, leaves her. The

feeble light in Tamara's cell grows dim and finally is wholly extinguished, as the Demon enters. He makes known his identity to Tamara and speaks words of passionate love. He tells her that he has loved her from eternity, and that she will have his love to the end of eternity. He begs her to love him and bring happiness to his wounded heart. He will give her what she has never dreamed of, though both must remain in hell. He offers her treasures untold and declares that he will even make her queen of the world. So eager is he to win her love that he expresses his desire for reform and his wish to be allowed to believe again in the power of goodness. He tells her that her love will redeem him to the heaven and happiness which he has forfeited. With all his powers of persuasion he tries to win her love, only to be rebuked. In the end, however, Tamara is overcome with pity and tells the Demon that if his words are sincere, he must vow that from now on he will turn from all thoughts of evil and lead a good life. So great is his love for the mortal maiden that solemnly he finally swears to molest mankind no longer and to ask pardon and mercy from his Maker.

Touched by his promise and his expressed desire for forgiveness, Tamara can no longer refuse the Demon, and permits him to take her in his arms and impress a kiss on her virginal lips. The Demon thus enjoys a brief moment of triumph. But Tamara, from fear of him, loses her reason and dies in agony. The sentry on duty hears a scream of pain and passes on. The Demon confronts the angel who is bearing her to heaven and claims the soul of the woman he loved. The angel, however, replies that God has already judged her and forgiven her because she loved and suffered. The gates of Paradise are open to Tamara, but the Demon remains alone as before, isolated and dissatisfied "without hope and without love."

The German poet, Friedrich Hebbel, in his poem, "Die Braut des Teufels" (1836), treats an interesting old legend, which tries to account for the name Die Jungfrau (The Virgin) given to one of the Swiss Alps. According to this legend, there once lived in Switzerland a beautiful and proud young maiden, who was in no way inclined to yield to the gentle passion of love. Many youths came from far and near to woo her, but all failed to awaken any emotion in her heart. On a certain midnight, a young man in dark clothes knocked on her window. So great was the potent charm which the Devil exercised over her that tremblingly she admitted him into her chamber, as if he were her husband. He clasped her

in his thin arms and stole kiss upon kiss. She wept, but, as if she were bound hand and foot, she could not resist. He proceeded to the last enjoyment, but still she did not utter the least sound of protest. When he had accomplished his evil deed, he said to her mockingly, "Good night, good night, thou art the Devil's bride." From shame, the young maiden climbed to the highest peak of the Alps, which has been named after her.¹⁴

Edward Garnett, in "Madam Lucifer" (1888), tells of a real infatuation on the part of the ruler of Gehenna for a slip of a girl. Lucifer falls head over heels in love with an earth-born maiden, named Adeliza. In order to win her, he dispatches her human lover to hell and assumes his form. The ruse, however, is discovered by the girl, and the discomfited Devil is forced to return to his Luciferetta in hell.

The belief in the wooing of mortal women by demons exists still today among the peasants of Ireland, as may be seen from the following anecdotes entitled "The Devil" (1892) by William Butler Yeats:

"My old Mayo woman told me one day that something very bad had come down the road and gone into the house opposite, and though she would not say what it was, I knew quite well. Another day she told me of two friends of hers who had been made love to by one whom they believed to be the Devil. One of them was standing by the road-side when he came by on horseback, and asked her to mount up behind him, and go riding. When she would not, he vanished. The other was out on the road late at night waiting for her young man, when something came flapping and rolling along the road up to her feet. It had the likeness of a newspaper, and presently it flapped up into her face, and she knew by the size of it that it was the *Irish Times*. All of a sudden it changed into a young man, who asked her to go walking with him. She would not, and he vanished.

"I know of an old man too, on the slopes of Ben Bulbin, who found the Devil ringing a bell under his bed, and he went off and stole the chapel bell and rang him out. It may be that this, like the others, was not the Devil at all,

¹⁴ On Hebbel's interest in the Devil, see the present writer's article, "Der Teufel bei Hebbel," *Modern Philology*, XV (1917), 109-22, and P. Sickel, "Hebbel und das Dämonische," *Zeitschrift für deutsche Bildung*, Bd. V, Heft II (1929).

but some poor wood spirit whose cloven feet had got him into trouble."¹⁵

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European folk-lore records few instances in which the Devil sought a mortal maiden in marriage. In Fred B. Perkins' "Devil-Puzzlers" (1871), the demon Apollyon appears as a bachelor. "I have a mother, but no wife," he tells the charming Mrs. Hickok. "Permit me to say," this gallant demon, however, adds with a graceful bow, "that, if I could believe there was a duplicate of yourself in existence, I would be married as soon as possible." This was, however, a meaningless compliment. The Devil has never had any serious intention of getting married. It stands to reason that Satan, who can see sufficiently into future matrimonial complications, would not enter the bonds. Moreover, why should he encumber himself with a wife of his own, while so many husbands, as Fernán Caballero has so aptly said, are daily supplicating him to take theirs off their hands?

The French Romantic poet, Edouard d'Anglemont, however, represents Lucifer consenting to lead a poor young girl, whom he has seduced, to the altar in order to save her from shame. In the poem "Marie" (1829), based on a Breton legend, a young girl sees in her dreams a young man who is so wonderfully beautiful that, upon awakening, she still cannot get him out of her mind. Her dream soon turns into reality. The man of her dreams appears to her in flesh and blood. He is no other than the fallen angel in person. Marie, who finds no strength in her to resist his sweet words of seduction, offers herself to him body and soul. When she realizes that she is soon to become a mother, she implores her lover to marry her. The Devil consents out of pity for his victim. He approaches the altar, however, without making the sign of the cross. This omission deeply chagrins the pious young girl. When the priest, holding the consecrated wedding-ring, asks the groom for his name, the latter in lieu of an answer assumes his proper shape. Marie flees at this sight and goes mad from fright.

In most legends, however, it is the Devil, who, in his attempts to marry mortal maidens, is worsted in the deal. An Italian tradi-

¹⁵ Among the latest novels relating the loves of the demons may be mentioned J. W. Brodie-Innes's *The Devil's Mistress*.

tion shows Satan, seized suddenly with a wish to know what it means to be married, successively leading three sisters to the altar. But he proves in the end to be no match for the cunning of his several spouses.¹⁶

The Spanish woman novelist, Fernán Caballero, in her adaptation of an old Andalusian legend entitled "The Devil's Mother-in-Law" (1859), tells how the Devil, with all his reputation for wisdom, meets a mother-in-law, who knows more than he does. He is just as helpless against this marital appendage as most married men. An old widow "uglier than the sergeant of Utrera" and nicknamed Mother Holofernes, curses her daughter. The latter, too much occupied with matrimonial plans to help her mother in her work, is consigned to marry the Devil himself. The Evil One, availing himself of the right given him by the anathema launched against the girl by her mother, presents himself as an aspirant for the maiden's hand and is accepted. But Mother Holofernes, in her shrewdness, discovers the identity of the red-haired and mild-mannered young man, and devises in her head a cruel plan of revenge. After the wedding has been duly performed and celebrated and the bridal pair is preparing to enter the nuptial chamber, the old lady presents her daughter with a consecrated olive branch, with which she is told to beat her husband as an indication of a woman's mastery over man. The Devil, at the sight of this holy object, wishes to make a hasty retreat. As the doors and windows are locked, he slips through the key-hole, only to find himself caught in a black bottle, which is held by his mother-in-law on the other side of the door. The Fiend is carried in the phial to a secluded spot on the summit of the highest mountain and remains imprisoned for ten years, when he is finally released by a soldier under conditions which he considers undignified and cruelly oppressive.¹⁷

Niccolò Machiavelli, the Italian statesman, pictures the demon Belphegor entering the bonds of matrimony as a sociological experiment. The story *Belfagor* opens in the infernal regions. Almost every man whom Charon ferries across complains that his wife was responsible for his downfall. The judges in hell are perplexed. They wish to be fair in pronouncing their sentences upon the sinful

¹⁶ This tale "How the Devil Married Three Sisters" will be found in Thomas Frederick Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*, London, 1885.

¹⁷ This story will be found in the present writer's anthology of *Devil Stories* (New York: Knopf, 1921).

men, and finally decide to send a demon to discover whether women really have the power to lead men to their ruin. Belphegor is delegated to go up to the earth, stay there ten years, and come back and report. The mission of the infernal deputy's terrestrial sojourn is to marry a mortal maiden and learn by personal experiences what are the respective conveniences and inconveniences of holy matrimony. But the demon's earthly career is cut short, and he abandons this earth before he has served the full term of his apprenticeship. He cannot support the asperities of the temper of the lady, who has made the earth a hotter hell for him than the place from which he came. He deserts her and runs back to hell as fast as he can.¹⁸

Machiavelli is said to have written several tales, but only his *Belfagor* has survived to our days. The Accademia della Crusca, which set no very great store by Machiavelli's productions, made an exception of *Belfagor* and placed it in the canon of Italian classics.

This story is of medieval origin, and is not based on the author's married life. The idea of the story is ingenious and contains many entertaining incidents. It was first printed by Giovanni Brevio in 1545, and appeared for the second time with the name of Machiavelli in 1549, twenty-two years after the death of the author of *The Prince*. The two writers did not borrow from each other, but had a common source in a medieval Latin manuscript which seems to have first fallen into the hands of the Italians, but was later brought to France where it has been lost. The tale of the marriage of the Devil appeared in several other Italian versions during the sixteenth century. Among the Italian novelists, who retold it for the benefit of their married friends, may be mentioned Giovan-Francesco Straparola, Francesco Sansovino, and Gabriel Chappuys.

In England, this story was no less popular. Barnabe Riche inserted it in 1581 in his collection of narratives. This version was the starting-point of a great number of dramatizations. We will but mention *Grim the Collier of Croydon or, The Devil and his Dame* by Houghton and Henslowe (1602); *Machiavel and the Devil* by Daborne and Henslowe (1613); *The Devil is an Ass* by Ben Jonson (1616); and *Belphagor or, The Marriage of the Devil* (1690). The story, *The Divell a Married Man* (1674), which is a

¹⁸ This tale will also be found in the collection of *Devil Stories* mentioned in the preceding note.

-skit upon marriage, has likewise Machiavelli's *novella* for its basis.

In France, this story was translated in 1664 and rendered into verse by LaFontaine in 1694, and in Germany it served the Nuremberg cobbler-poet Hans Sachs as the subject for his farce *How the Devil Took to Himself an Old Wife* (1557).¹⁹

¹⁹ In Achim von Arnim's *Halle und Jerusalem* (1811), the sexton reveals himself as the Devil, and carries off Celinde's mother to be his bride.—The *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, XLV (1899), 128, contains an interesting Negro story of the Devil and his bride.—Mrs. Margaret Townsend published, in 1905, a very interesting play entitled *The Devil in Search of a Wife*, which is a satirical skit on the women of New York.

OCCIDENTAL MARTHA

BY LLOYD MORRIS

THE fundamental disparity between the Occidental and Oriental races is their respective qualities of mind. The former is objective and pragmatic; the latter, subjective and rational. The one, introspectively exercised with the interpretation of spiritual reactions to phenomena, starts with God; comes deductively to phenomena; and, returning in upon itself, effloresces in spiritual sublimations. The other, concerned with phenomena as they affect material being, essays by induction to dislodge an Oriental Creator from an elaborated Occidental Paradise, and elevate itself to the godhead of a suspiciously mechanical universe.

The material expressions of these differing reactions of consciousness are correspondingly dissimilar. Upon their polarities of the abstract and the concrete have been superimposed two social systems—the introvert organization of the East having its zenith in the Sermon on The Mount; and its nadir in the products of an inconsequential attitude towards physical life; and the extrovert civilization of the West having its highest expression in sanitation; and its lowest in penitentiary ethics, a ballot box intelligentsia, and the psychological confusions comprising the christianity of Christendom.

These extremes of sociological development are quite a normal expression of the consciousnesses from which they rise. It is logical that the Orient seeing the spiritual as the only reality and truth, should condemn ephemeral materialities and the physical sequences of filth and disease and suffering thereby incurred. To Eastern thought, human life and relations present themselves as without any sanctity: mere shadows of infinity incapable in themselves of hurt: soilable with impunity. The human race itself is seen as no glorious acme of a supernal creation central and all-dominant to a servitor

universe, and mystically to be conserved in eternity of type to a prime necessity.

It is equally logical that the West worshipping the concrete should glorify physical being; and, regarding the Infinite myopically, either fail to perceive it, or deny its spiritual content in an attempt to measure it by material standards. To Western thought the Human Race is sacrosanct and eternal; the cosmically revered apex of a finished creation. It is beyond the orbit of Occidental apprehension to conceive Humanity a failure; or that equivalents or superiorities might be substituted for it; and that somewhere between evolutionary sea and evolutionary shore the Cosmic Purpose took a wrong turning; and reorienting itself went on; leaving the Human Race as excreta of a Divine Necessity pursuing its further aliment in an eighth day.

It is obvious that of necessity the great religions of the world originated and came to flower and perfume in the Orient. It is equally apparent that of necessity they would come to decay on their importation into the West; where the Occidental mind treating them as phenomena, reduced their spiritual reality;—at the best, to philosophy and metaphysics; at the worst, to the vulgar inanities of evangelism. The word and deed teachings of the Syrian Christ became mere raw material at the ports of entry of the West which erupted factories in the form of theological seminaries for processing the crude Asian product into academic pabulum; theocratic hierarchies; and the volume production of an evangelistic proletariat grafting and paying graft to a Supreme Being whose largest implication in christian doctrine and ritual, invests the Christian God with the attributes of a Celestial Traffic Cop. The manufacture of the Christ into Christianity for home consumption and reexport, is today one of the major Occidental industries; possessing in the Roman Communion the strongest and oldest of Trades Union.

It is obvious that of necessity the employment of poison gas in the high concernment of warfare; the exploitation of the atom; hospitalization; chivalry; eleemosynary coordination and plumbing originated in the Occident. It is equally apparent that upon their full importation into the Orient they will result in—What? some future Liao Yang?

Between states of mind so opposite there can be no sympathy of understanding; even though or because they share a degraded like-

ness that exhibits the pure and simple precepts of religious founders as no more pure, no longer simple, but overlain by doctrine and dogma to the point of obscurity; warped by prejudice and fanaticism to travesty; brought into disrepute by the conduct of their fiduciary interest; and their simple, beautiful spirituality reduced to dialectical scholasticism, degenerate superstition and lugubrious sentimentalities.

For each others material expressions, also, neither can have the kindly tolerance that flows from the accord of charity. Their nearest approach to outward similitude is the sundering difference of manner in which each purposes to lure God from the skies by repetitive liturgies; and imprison Him in barbaric temples or, with mouldy ancestral bones, pompous vestments, and such other indica of Christianity housed in ecclesiastical edifices of tawdry brick and iron Bethels, decomposing stone Minsters, and imposing cathedrals whose flamboyant heaven-aspiring architecture rises above jerry-built and scamped foundations.

Though temple bells call never so sweetly in Asian lands; though turbaned heads be prostrate in their millions at prayer; these things of worshipful devotion do but advertise a benighted, uncivilized heathendom to the superior Occident; which is stimulated to redress by missionary enterprise the balance of spiritual obligations incurred in the past. Clerical bagmen, however, drumming out of the West with their samples of sectarian religion have failed to "put it over." High pressure methods applied in the form of military force challenging the poor heathen at the cannon's mouth with a stentorian, "civilize, civilize," have been equally unproductive—except for repulsive statuary commemorating successful robberies under arms. The Druses are still Druses in their Hauran; the Moslem still usher in the dawn with the significant ending to the clarion call, "Muhammad al Akhbar; the Brahmin still is disdainful; the Buddhist indifferent; the Hindu malevolent; the Confucian contemptuous of the manner and matter of the products of Western theological factories and secular accomplishments.

Where ideal is opposed to ideal, judgment lies arbitrarily in the accepted point of view, and Truth perhaps in some transcendental arbiter who, looking upon the diversities comprising human effort, sees none of greater delusion than another. Therefore, seeing that they of the East and they of the West have each their grovelled

being with no orientation beneath the stars, it is matter for small wonderment that their appraisal of each other can only be distorted and provocative of controversy; and their own self-criticism either prejudiced to sightless worthlessness, or blatantly hypocritical.

The unutilitarian Orient spectacularly castigated in its material being by physical improvidences, denies its sores. The Occident with its braggadocio criterion of bank balances, number and luxuriousness of automobiles, political influence, astuteness of legal spoliation, and every other pretentious vulgarity and applauded baseness whereby the suffrage of Occidental approbation is canvassed and gained—it, with hypocritical smirks and flatted eyelid, disclaims its own self-chosen touchstone of externalities; protests to neutral criticism that the standard of Western comity is not material, nor its glory in phenomena; denies that the seamless white robe of the Christ has become the imperial purple of Christendom; with more of mortal crimson than cerulean blue in its tatterdemalion patchwork.

Quasi historically we have the eminent authority of Jesus of Nazareth sustaining the Oriental viewpoint in his discrimination between the characters of Martha and Mary. Under that Oriental ruling Oriental Mary has *hitherto* chosen the better part; and Occidental Martha lies under the rebuke of nourishing inferior ideals.

Contemporaneously we have the self-styled dominant European peoples declining to accept the rebuke of its professed spiritual ideal, and being primly censorious of Sister Mary. In this attitude Christendom in sober fact rams the lie down the throat of its Christ.

While the superiority of differing ideals is matter of opinion, their expression in conduct is matter of fact; and the disparity between profession and performance is a measurable quantity of pragmatically successful hypocrisy, or honest failure, susceptible of graphical representation.

To be true, however, the factual picture of any cross-section of sociological phenomena must extend to all the facts as they are *in situ*. There must be no selectivity nor composition; and the medium employed must have the necessary field of vision and present no distortion of image; and, though in sight of the Absolute there may be naught but delusion, yet for finity's sake there must be laid down some plane of reference; in order to establish a comparative value in addition to an evaluation of intrinsic worth.

It is when such critical standards are applied to the West's judgments of the East, that the unsoundness of Occidental picturization of the Orient emerges; and no more completely does it become manifest than in the book, *Mother India*; whose status as a best seller entitles it to be considered the accredited champion of Western ideals.

When the authoress of *Mother India*, representative of the foremost Western nation and herself completely progressive, set out to view India, it was *sine qua non* she would employ for her examination only the highest and most up to date methods of Occidental devising. What was the medium through which she scrutinized the lined linaments of aged India? Was it a spiritual eye that vivified with lively delight the vision of a civilization already compassed when the loins from which the authoress sprung were naked to gaze or dressed in raw pelts? Was it a spiritual ear whose convolutions perpetuated in a replication of sweet sounds the song of the *Bhagavad Gita*? Was it a votive mouth to intone in praise the everlasting harmonies of Vedic hymns? It was none of these. In metaphorical epitome it was a length of sewer pipe.

Normally at the end of a sewer pipe one expects to find sewage—the book, *Mother India* found it. Normally at the end of a sewer pipe one does not expect to find a quintessence of spirituality or philosophy, but a well known public utility. The *Mother India* book found neither; and as the pipe was perfectly designed and fabricated, and of course perfectly manipulated, obviously *Mother India* was naught but the foulest of foul old hags.

No other portraiture was logically possible from the view point taken; and if demand be any indication of majority opinion, we are to accept the *Mother India* technique as the acme of Occidental skill and vision of artistry *where the Orient is the subject*.

Whatever of our sublunary life be viewed through material values, material values alone will appear in the field of observation; and material values are the accredited resources the West knows and has at its command. Man however does not live by obstetrics, feminism, social statics, eugenics, and main drainage alone; he may die of them; and under Oriental eyes the West may appear as worse than dead—putrescent. For if the Orient apply its ideals as a standard in a critical survey of the West; then as equally distorted

a portrait will result as did that of the Orient under Western limning.

East and West should each be judged according to its own standards, and the result given in terms of defection from their respective ideals. But the West declares there is only one standard—that of the West. Oriental Mary therefore must spy out Occidental Martha in Martha's own fashion; and in doing so an image considerably more dubious than *Mother India* comes into view.

In a little green island in the west appear bold clear outlines of little grey homes where the ubiquitous hog shares the peat fire with its human companions; and the sprightly cock waking among the smoke blackened rafters greets the dawning of the day with a shrill clarion but never a "gardy loo;" Kathaleen ni Houlahan is seen obviously no winsome colleen with emerald green skirts and clear grey eyes, beneath brows and lashes smeared on as with a sooty finger; but as a wrinkled old crone: dirty and given over to leprechauns, bogles, a low bred intolerant priest caste, assassins and corner boys.

In Scandinavia we get as a decaying custom of the country the unabashed tubbing of male guests by serving maids; and pre-martial sexual relations esteemed a superior bridal asset over mere virginity.

Slavonic Europe becomes nationalized atheism; and the Latins synonymous with erotic libertinage, illiteracy, dirtiness, ignorant priesthood, and religious proscriptions.

The Commonwealth of Australia running true to Botany Bay form intrudes upon the eye as an impudent repudiator of state borrowed moneys. The Dominion of Canada assumes prominence as a confiscator of private railway property; a manipulator of audits; and the gestured expositor of national independence and equality which it condescends to permit the Mother Country to pay for in the shape of naval and military protection: just as the little dog full of valiance beneath the belly of the big fellow, dins dogdom with yelping asseverations of its tykedom.

England with its slums, its Protestant illiberality, its sottish lower classes, and its imperial rapacities for territorial aggrandisements, is seen yielding her dark eminence in all these aspects to the United States of America.

Founded in religion and starting with a virgin land, this great nation is exhibited to day as an international spectacle of political

and moral corruption; dominated by a debauched Press, big business, and a cynically nefarious administration of Law. Its cities are heard resounding to the clamor of the scions of Brian Boru, contending with the descendants of noble Romans, the glory that was Greece and the débris that was Poland; for the possession of city halls; the exclusive right to assassinate policemen; and follow the gainful occupation of peddling poisoned liquor, narcotics, venereally diseased prostitutes and abducted virgins.

Its self-vaunted states of southern gentlemen strut across the scene in character of flippantly bilking payment of their foreign borrowings, like any common sneak-thief.

From breaking solemn and sacred treaties entered into with its Indian wards; and embezzling their estate; the historic panorama of the United States of America's idealistic integration moves sturdily on from mere shystering misfeasance to the ampler aspect of an international fence purchasing territories it knew to have clouded titles; and continuing its career of humble abnegation to the assumption of its majestic orbit of an imperialism so thinly veiled under hypocritical explanations as to be insulting to the most ordinary intelligence.

This is the West as it appears when viewed after the manner the book, *Mother India* viewed the Orient. Is it a right picture? Most certainly it is not; because it is not the whole picture. Nor was the book, *Mother India* the whole picture; yet the Orient was condemned by it with an unreserved opprobrium; the image depicted was accepted a good and faithful portraiture and the mirror reflecting it, a good and true glass. Then, will the Occident acknowledge its own image as reflected in that same glass of sociological fashion, as good and faithful portraiture also? With an unanimity equal to its own large approval of the book, *Mother India*, it will deny in its own case the truth of the glass. Only when turned towards the Orient does the derogative effect of Western perception obtain. Directed upon itself, it lapses into a vacant stare; or estatic contemplation: habitude of its own stercoraceous self, transmuting its unsavoriness into aureate excellence.

The book, *Mother India*, was intended as a condemnation of the Orient. Little logic, however, is required to see that in effect it is, also, a mirror wherein the West is reflected in all its essential grossness and hypocrisy. It is the most cruel and brutal *expose* of Occidentalism of modern times.

If such thing as neutrality could be within the compass of our Finite days; what could be its utterance when pondering upon these twain East and West. Until the last decade the Orient was as it was when the Christ walked beside the Gallilean sea; and the Buddha sat under the Bo Tree; Lao Tsze passed through the Western Gate; and Muhammad came down from Mount Hira in the dawning, and raising his hairy throat, pealed up to the paling stars the scarlet cry of Islam that has come down through the centuries. The Sermon on the Mount; the Noble Eight Fold Path; the Tao Teh King, and the Fathah were uttered by men who lived, moved and had their being in an environment exactly as depicted in *Mother India today*—an environment of caste prejudices, child marriages, female chattelage, septic obstetrics, no main drainage, and the poverty and disease which the founder of Christianity ruled of no moment in comparison with things of the Spirit.

Has the West out of its sanitized ideals ever produced men such as these founders of religions in the East—the Eastern Garden of thought which *Mother India* finds so lamentably revolting? Among all the effigies that disfigure Western concourses, is there one commemorating a character worthy to stand beside Jesus of Nazareth, or Gotama, Confucius? Instead we lay wreaths of immortelles in adulation before Light Horse Harrys, Iron Dukes, Stonewall Generals, cabbages and Kings.

Out of the East; the insanitary East—Divine Man. Out of the sterilized West—machine gun politics; bribery, graft, perjury in high places and low; a progressive spectacle of murders, suicides, deaths by starvation of women and children; rape, sodomy, sadism, incest nymphomania, satyriasis, lesbianism; nude sons of coal black mammys burnt alive at the stake, while blonde Occidental misses jump hysterically round the *auto da fe* and pump lead into the shrieking bodies; millions of men staring up to the sky, their trailing guts gnawed by rats paddling in the red pudding of brain oozing through eyeless sockets; priests of Christendom blessing the lethal weapons that tore out men's bellies, blew the faces off boys of fourteen; sent them to gibber in psychopathic wards; broke mothers' hearts, and damned to biological abnormality fatherless whelps of human infancy littered before their time; Sicilian Vespers, Saint Barthelomews, Bloody Marys, weltered shambles on Albigensian mountains, New England Witches, Covenanting cruelties, Puritan

infernalities—but no Rig Veda, Upanishads, or Buddha; no Christ: only the East, the despised uncivilized East, has these.

It has, also, the Suttee; but the suttee has at least the sanction of a religious ideal. What sanction has lynching, and white misses participating in the game and play of barbecued nigger? It has the purdah system; but it has not a tithe of the sodomy and incest and other unnatural sexual intercourse practised by Occidental men and women. The purdah and child marriage have at least the sanction of a revered moral custom; what sanction has the promiscuous and fugitive coitus which sends high school girls with easy nonchalance from the co-ed class room to the secret temple of parturition; or to the quack medicine man who with equal readiness will guarantee an abortion, or a cure for their venereally infected vagina? It has its caste system which is no less justifiable than the color line which provides Jim Crow cars, and easy alibis for Nordic pugilists; or which separates the local four hundred in any city from the mere *hoi polloi*.

Matters of opinion inevitably become matters of circumstance. Yesterday's theorizings, today's applied practice; and today's pleasant academic contentions, tomorrow's furious physical tensions.

Between Occidental Martha and Oriental Mary, time and space no longer intervene. Yesterday is yesterday, and today is here in which the West having rendered time and space feudatory, the two civilizations approach direct confrontation; and demonstration will soon be made—not which is the better or truer; but which, if either, will prevail.

The West proclaims its own offence, sweetness; or denies, or sustains it as an Occidental prerogative. But the East must first be debauched with Western liquor; infected with Western disease, and then—cleaned up. Mr. Roosevelt out of his great erudition and large experience of governing Oriental Races said so. Legions of other uniformable persons demand the East be—cleaned up. The authoress of, *Mother India*, out of her large knowledge of the immemorial East demands that India be—cleaned up. Crime, beastliness, cruelty, obscenity are to be the peculiar prerogative of the West; but the environment that produced and nourished the great religions must be abolished and Western atmosphere substituted. What will arise out of that?

The Orient is no fool. It has no lack of brain power; but in the past that great mentality has been absorbed in abstractions. It has been spent in producing Christs, Buddhas, Zoroasters and other spiritual leaders of the world. What will it produce when it is westernized?—some Asiatic Napoleon; some antipodal Attila who shall be a scourge among the smoking ruins of Western pride?

The East is becoming pragmatic and political. The bulwarks of subjectivism which protected its spirituality are disintegrating. The most sure and imposing sign of this are sporadic outbreaks of apparent religious revivals; and an apparent intensification of faith-jealousy. In this it is but paralleling the illustrious spectacle of Christendom whose facile declension from ideals is measurable by the amount of its remove from the still small voice to Boanerges. The still small voice is that tenuous echo from the Sermon on the Mount preached by an Oriental carpenter. Boanerges—well, you all do know Boanerges.

Failing and isolated voices in the Orient protest loud and shrill and earnestly against the decay and degradation of their faiths through admission into them of disintegrating heresies in the guise of broadening and vivifying movements; allegedly purposive of bringing them up to date and in line with modern conditions.

Here and there active Luthers emerge and strive to stay the weakening of the East's defence against Occidentalism; strive by reforming their faiths of intruding laxities, and bringing them back to an earlier purity—you fools! you dear Asiatic fools! can your Gotama, or the Book Quran teach you to weld and forge munitions of war equal to those of Christendom? Keep quiet! the Occident is forging that which you may presently paddle in Western blood as you did under the walls of Acre; as you did when man to man, breast to breast, courage to courage, thew to thew the Moslem rolled back the Paladins of Europe; chased the boasted chivalry of Frank and Hun in hacked confusion from the Mediterranean littoral to the lush plains of central France.

Invariably the zeal of these reformers brings them into collision with the material sovereignty carried aloft on Occidental bayonets; and in due season the zealots are suitably disposed of; either by the displayed might of the Western Power involved; or indirectly by their co-religionists suborned or coerced thereto by Western gold and Western tutelage.

The Senussi and Medani with their heads Sayed Ahmed and

Sheikh Omar Zaffar were scattered at Girba for impinging on British Western sovereignty; and today for one religious reformer in the East, there are ten million political rebels.

In the Nejd, Ibn Saud's political itch has been somewhat controlled by bribery which has been appraised at a figure much less than the cost of military coercion. In India the bribes so far offered Ghandi are insufficient in amount and unacceptable in quality. Turkey de-haremed, de-fezed, de-yashmaked, and altogether sartorially and calligraphically made over, is only implementing what several years ago a "Young Turk" member of the old C. U. P., expressed to the writer as their aim. Egypt too is only fulfilling carefully nourished aims often listened to a decade and a half since in ill-famed bazaars east of Suez. "Egypt," said the brilliant editor of a native paper, "Egypt did not care where the Califate was, or whether there was one at all; didn't care whether there was a Sultan in the Yildiz or a Khedive in the Kasr el Nil; but Egypt most emphatically did care that Egypt and the Sudan should be ruled by Egyptians."

The East is changing; it is being sanitized, Occidentalized Politicalized; and those fulsome publicists who have made a life long study of the Oriental question—in their libraries; those authorities who have studied it on the spot—as shepherded tourists, or in a year or two of residence; and all other Christian people may do well to stop, look, listen.

The Orient is learning the Art of Warfare. The nations of the West are teaching it that by demonstrations of its principles on each other; and by exercise of them in operations of territorial aggrandizement against the Orient itself.

Reluctantly, but with augmented sophistication the Orient is accepting Occidental tutelage; for as yet it knows that the swords of Christendom are sharper than those tempered in the Tigris, Nile, Brahmaputra, or Yangtse Kiang; that Woolwich, Krupp, and Creuzot artillery are more effective than any cast in Kabul or Anatolia; and that the cadet of St. Cyr, Sandhurst or West Point can organize volume production of human slaughter in a manner superior to the despised Asiatic.

But what will be the picture when Occidental generals can no more be heroically victorious at long range with their accomplished artillery against the man to man steel effectiveness of Asian armies?

What will it be when the East is letter-perfect in Occidentalism? when it has gun for gun? when it fully recognizes the mighty pre-eminence of the doctrines of Christendom as inspiration for rapine, pillage and the sublimation of materiality? and denying the immanent sterilities of its own Asian Christs, Eastern brains and Eastern men, which History displays as at least equal those of the West, organize warfare instead of spirituality?

In that day when once again the pot seethes and the scum rises to be skimmed by agents of God appointed—in that day will the West hypocritical and cowardly, lay hold on the horns of the Altar and cry, "Sanctuary, Sanctuary!" let us lay down our weapons, and abolish this unchristianity that is warfare!"

Christianity! what do you know of Christianity, Martha? Did Peter give you any? he was an obstinate man; and denied with scathing the promise to sit at the right hand in the Kingdom, he has built himself a temple and sits as God in the Vatican. Did Paul give you any? Paul the renegade Jew lawyer was ambitious and casuistical; and so enthroned in metaphysics he sits on a joint stool with Georgius Rex; and calls himself the Lord Spiritual.

Christianity died with the Christ; and so far is Christendom away from it, that if the Founder returned today Christendom in all its maze of warring sects would join as one to crucify Him for blasphemous imposture.

From President to parasite; Queen to scullery-maid, is there one among you who would not suborn in some particular, Justice for pelf or its equivalent in office or fame? Is there a woman who would not barter her virginity for adequate equivalent in chiffons, a jewel or their like in material worth?

Out of your own mouth you are condemned, Martha, by your own saying that every man has his price. And you, the immaculate, the superior, the Occidental Martha, have it on your conscience to make over Oriental Mary!

Send then, your drummers with plumbing specialities; your lobbied legislators with their flouted enactments; your sectarian bagmen with their samples of religion; your debauched police; discredited bench and bar; your out of work naval and military officers broken in your Christian wars—send them until a vision be seen of the World enthroned on poison gas, and the Sermon on the Mount crowned with a water-closet.

In that day will the West assume the discarded garments of the

East? Will some munition monger's son arise in the marts of the West to proclaim himself the forerunner of another to come the latchet of whose shoes he is not worthy to unloose? Will a dove be seen descending upon some Plumber's son beside Occidental waters; who will lift up this reeling world from the sewer to the spirit? Can any good come out of the cannon's mouth and sanitation? Will there come out of Occidental inductiveness an Occidental Christ who will lead us to a new and Occidental God? Or, at some final confrontation of the West and the Westernized East, will the Human Race perish from the earth and creation enter on its eighth day?

CARL SANDBURG: AN AMERICAN HOMER

BY J. V. NASH

IN Carl Sandburg, the striving and struggling humanity of America's plains and farms and cities has found an inspired literary voice. He has gathered up the inchoate folk-lore of that which Whitman called "These States," and has given it form and permanency in our literature. He is the poet of the rough and toiling masses, of the workers who lift the steel of the skyscraper and who drive the long, straight furrows through the black soil of the prairies. His language is their language; it springs directly from human emotions, as free from all artificial veneer and bookish allusiveness as is that of Homer. He pours forth the native, spontaneous speech of the people who live close to earth and to life's realities, as he has learned it in his own intimate contact with them.

There is an epic sweep to much of Sandburg's verse which tells us that here is a man of heroic mold. He is best explained by the factors of heredity and environment that have made him what he is. As his name suggests, he is of Scandinavian ancestry, descended from those hard-living, two-fisted, giant-framed berserkers of the North, who roved the seas, to Iceland, to Greenland, to mysterious Vinland, and who carved out kingdoms in France, in England, in Sicily, and in Russia. He is of the tribe of Leif the Lucky, Erick the Red, Norman William, and Rurik.

Along with the Scandinavian blood, there is, as he himself fancies, a strain of the dreaming, brooding, mystic Asiatic. "My father was a dark Swede," he tells us. "He had dark hair and brown eyes, and came from Asposoken, in the north of Sweden. I flatter myself sometimes in thinking that maybe somewhere back in my history there may be a Mongol or one of those old Asiatics. I have a sense for fantasy that runs through the Nordic folk-lore, but I do not have the Oriental's sense for plot."

His affinity with both the city and the country is perhaps explained by the fact that he was born in Galesburg, Illinois, a city on the edge of the great prairies. The date of his birth was January 6, 1878, when the memories of the Civil War were yet fresh, and pioneer conditions still prevailed in much of the midwestern country. Sandburg's father toiled in a railroad blacksmith shop, and his mother became prematurely aged through the struggles which she endured in their life of poverty.

"His boyhood," says Sandburg's intimate friend and former coworker on the Chicago *Daily News*, Harry Hansen, "was filled with harsh episodes, with meagre schooling, with little room for self-improvement. He worked hard, tried all sorts of jobs; the hours were long; the work unremitting. The fight for sustenance left deep scars on his sensitive nature."

At thirteen years of age, we find Sandburg driving a milk-wagon in Galesburg; a little later he was a porter in a barber shop, and after that he worked in a brick-yard. Then he decided to take Horace Greeley's advice and "go west." His journey was not made in a Pullman car, but largely by freight and "riding the rods." In Kansas he labored in the harvest fields, taking away souvenirs of the job in the form of blisters and callouses on hands and feet. Afterwards, he was employed as a dishwasher for hotels in Kansas City, Omaha, and Denver. At another time, with a pot of black asphaltum and a brush in his hand, he went from house to house, painting stoves in payment for his meals.

Such experiences, from which a person of more fastidious tastes would have revolted in disgust, furnished Sandburg with rich materials for the poetry of later years.

Returning from his *Wanderjahre*, he took up again his job on the milk-wagon route in Galesburg for a time; then he became apprenticed to the trade of house painter. By now, it was the year 1898. He was just twenty years old as the war with Spain began to loom on the horizon. Such an opportunity for fresh adventure, of course, proved irresistible. He joined the Sixth Illinois Infantry, which was sent to Porto Rico.

This experience, remote as it seemed from literary pursuits, proved to be the means of placing his feet on the pathway to authorship. For, while serving in the army, he fell in with a young fellow who had attended Lombard College, at Galesburg, and whose talk was all about college. A desire for the schooling which had been

denied to young Sandburg now came upon him with powerful appeal; and, on his return to Galesburg, he managed to matriculate as a special student at Lombard. He was never a regular student, and so was not graduated; but in later years Lombard conferred upon him an honorary degree.

He began now to read books, his interests ranging over a wide field but centering largely in biography. A yearning to write had, even in the old milk-wagon days, been surging subconsciously within him and doubtless was an impelling factor in steering him toward college. At Lombard he met a sympathetic instructor in the person of Philip Green Wright, who taught English, mathematics, and astronomy, and who took a fatherly interest in struggling youths with literary aspirations. He it was who first sensed the unborn poet in Carl Sandburg.

Professor Wright encouraged Sandburg and two other congenial fellows to form a little society called "The Poor Writers' Club." The members met on Sunday afternoons at Wright's home, read each other's productions, and exchanged criticism and commendation. It was through Wright's kindly aid that Sandburg's first book, a slender and now long forgotten volume of poems, paper-bound and entitled *In Reckless Ecstasy*, found publication. It was printed by the Asgard Press, at Galesburg, in 1904.

After leaving college, Sandburg again drifted about the country, enriching his experience all the time. He was a traveling salesman for Underwood and Underwood, the commercial photographers. Later he entered newspaper work in Milwaukee, where he was destined to meet his wife-to-be. On June 15, 1908, he was married there to Miss Lillian Steichen.

Then came Sandburg's brief experience in the political field. In 1910, Emil Seidel, a Socialist, was elected Mayor of Milwaukee. He made Sandburg his secretary. Two years in this position gave Sandburg a first-hand knowledge of practical politics in a big city; he mingled with all the diverse types of men who throng about, and do business with, the City Hall—ward committeemen, aldermen, labor leaders, and what not.

Then Chicago called to Sandburg. He secured a position with *System Magazine*, writing trenchant articles on factory management and various phases of the industrial process. One day he met N. D. Cochran, a leader in the struggle for clean government and social justice, who was just then establishing a tabloid newspaper

called *The Daybook*. Sandburg joined the new venture with enthusiasm; but the newspaper, which carried no advertising and lacked adequate financial support, speedily languished and was discontinued. The big guns were now barking, across the Atlantic: popular interest centered in the European War.

Once more out of employment—it was by this time 1917—Sandburg thought of Henry Justin Smith, news editor of the great *Daily News*, whose acquaintance he had already formed. Smith immediately offered Sandburg a berth on the staff of that metropolitan afternoon paper. His connection with the *News* has continued ever since, except for an interval in 1918, when he made an extended trip through the Scandinavian countries under the auspices of the Newspaper Enterprise Association. While abroad, he formed first-hand contacts with the Old World background, historical and social as well as political, which greatly broadened his outlook. He wrote numerous articles on conditions in the countries which he visited.

Sandburg's extraordinary familiarity with industrial matters and his sympathetic understanding of the workers' point of view made him especially valuable as a writer on labor topics. "Strikes, lockouts, boycotts," as Hansen puts it, "were his daily fare: he listened to the grievances of teamsters and garment workers; he heard labor leaders at their daily counsels and discussed 'the men' with employers. From day to day he followed the fortunes of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America in their bitter but successful battle for recognition and justice in Chicago. For three years he attended conventions of the American Federation of Labor." For a time, too, he served as motion-picture critic for the *Daily News*, raising this new form of criticism to a high level and giving it a distinctive tone quite different from that of the "blurbs" which had been accepted as the norm in this field.

It was the impact of Chicago upon the sensitive soul of Sandburg that brought forth his first book of poems after he reached maturity. The volume was entitled *Chicago Poems* (Henry Holt & Co., 1915). In these poems he presents the various human types that are to be found in the great capital of the Middle West—"the hog butcher of the world," as he sees the city in one of its aspects,

"Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth,
half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool
Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads, and

Freight Handler to the Nation."

Here we meet, as we turn the pages, workers of every stripe—peddlers, factory hands, shovel wielders, icemen, cash girls, roustabouts, and "pigstickers."

Next came *Cornhuskers*, Sandburg's second book of poems (Holt, 1918). Now he turns from the city to the wide prairies and memories of his vagabonding days:

"O prairie mother, I am one of your boys.
I have loved the prairie as a man with a heart shot full
of pain over love.
Here I know I will hanker after nothing so much as one
more sunrise or a sky moon of fire doubled to a river
moon of water."

In *Smoke and Steel* (Harcourt, 1920), the scene shifts again to the city, with excursions back to the country, and reminiscences of his trip abroad.

Then, in *Slabs of the Sunburnt West* (Harcourt, 1922), the country and the city mingle together.

Through these years of observation and writing, Sandburg has been shedding the bitterness of earlier days and growing broader and mellow. Only a cynic would attribute the change to the author's increasing material prosperity under the capitalistic system. A better clue may be found in the old saying—of Montaigne, I believe—"to understand everything is to forgive everything."

Sandburg's books of poetry, by the way, were never composed deliberately, "with malice aforethought." It is said that he had a wire basket on his desk in the newspaper office. At the close of a busy day, he would sit there musing over the events of that day. Then, seizing his pencil, he would jot down some lines of verse and throw them into the basket. After a sufficient quantity had accumulated, he would gather them up, study them, work over and expand them: thus his great poems were born.

In "The Windy City," one of the poems in *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, Sandburg incarnates, in appropriately heterogeneous verses, the spirit of the great, sprawling, roaring, striving, windy metropolis that he loves so well—Chicago.

"Winds of the Windy City,
Winds of corn and sea blue,
Spring wind white and fighting winter gray,
Come home here—they nickname a city for you.

"The wind of the lake shore waits and wanders,
 The heave of the shore wind lurches the sand piles.
 The winkers of the morning stars count out cities and
 forget the numbers."

"It is one of the most revealing epics of the city ever written," thinks Hansen. "It tells its story pictorially, historically, emotionally—a story by sights, sounds, and smells. There is in it something of the broad-shouldered swagger, the braggadocio, that was once more generally characteristic of Chicago than it is now. There is in it the voice of the city, expressed in its buildings and in its people, in its achievements and in its vile oppressions. There is in it the note of change, of constant upheaval and turmoil. . ."

On the other hand, when in the right mood, Sandburg can be delicately tender and idealistic, as in "Lost" and "Under the Harvest Moon."

At times, in Sandburg's poetry, the Whitman note sounds out unmistakably, as in the following lines from "Prairie," the first poem in *Cornhuskers*:

"I speak of new cities and new people,
 I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes,
 I tell you yesterday is a wind gone down, a sun dropped
 in the west.
 I tell you there is nothing in the world only an ocean of
 to-morrows, a sky of to-morrows."

Like the bards of old, Carl Sandburg is a singer. In his deep, rich voice he chants, to the accompaniment of his guitar or to a few simple chords on the piano, many of the ballads of our American folk-lore. His voice ranges over but a few notes, and sometimes sounds like a soft crooning, but the total effect is of pure art. And there are those who hope that out of Sandburg's minstrelsy there may one day spring a great American native opera—an opera of Chicago and the open spaces of the prairies, an opera infinitely more vital than most of the tinsel mediaeval importations from Europe.

His speaking voice, too, has unique qualities. "Carl Sandburg's voice," said William B. Owen, late Principal of the Chicago Normal College, "should be perpetuated on records. For like the voice of Tennyson, it is an unforgettable and essential part of his poems." Under the spell of his impressive intonation, his hearers find in Sandburg's verses, formless thought they may be, a beauty and a charm which they had not perceived in them before.

But there is another Sandburg, the Sandburg of the love lyric and of the children's poems. Here he strikes a different note. In the love poems there is a finely restrained sentiment, never rising to extravagant heights, never slopping over; and, in the children's poems, there is genuine participation in the happy spirit of child life.

Then there is Sandburg the story-teller, who first revealed himself in the *Rootabaga Stories*. These exquisite fairy tales Sandburg wrote informally for his own children—"for the kids at home," as he confided to the group of lunch-room cronies to whom he first read some of the stories in manuscript. Publication was an after-thought.

While the *Rootabaga Stories* are fairy tales, they are ones springing out of the modern American environment, just as the older, conventional fairy tales grew out of the fancies of mediaeval European life. Sandburg himself regards them as simple folk-lore yarns—droll stories without the stock trimmings of the ordinary fairy tale. His invention of new, odd words, such as *sbranch*, is reminiscent of Lewis Carroll in *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*.

Last of all, there is Sandburg the historian, revealed in the great historical opus, *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years* (Harcourt, 1926). For all midwestern authors, the saga of Abraham Lincoln seems to possess an irresistible fascination, especially for those who have lived in direct contact with the prairie people among whom Lincoln spent his formative years. As a new and fresh interpretation of the Lincoln of Illinois, this work is an invaluable addition to the great and growing Lincoln literature.

Sandburg dwells in a roomy old house at Elmhurst, on the fringe of Chicago. The building, seventy-odd years old, may have seen Lincoln's tall figure in the days of the great Douglas debates. Out in front, immemorial elms throw a dreamy shade about the place. There he has his den on an upper floor, looking out over a barn. In this retreat he works, surrounded by books overflowing everywhere. There are prints tacked on the walls, and huge metal cans crammed with newspaper clippings from all over the world—odds and ends of information such as the professional author is ever collecting.

So we leave Sandburg, as, now slightly stooping and with gray-ing head, he advances through the years of middle life.

FLORIAN CAJORI

February 28, 1859-August 14, 1930

IN the death of Professor Florian Cajori the world has lost one of the best-known of its recent historians of science, not merely in the domain of mathematics but in the contiguous domains of physics, geodesy, and to a certain extent astronomy.

Not only was he a writer of books, but he was an indefatigable contributor to scientific journals in this country and abroad. The number of these journals and of his monographs is impressive and his numerous articles will long be looked upon as material from which historians will draw.

Born in Switzerland, coming to this country at the age of sixteen, educated at the University of Wisconsin (B. S., 1883) and Johns Hopkins (1884-1885), he began his teaching as assistant professor of mathematics at Tulane University in 1885, continuing at Colorado College (1889-1918). In 1918 he was called to the University of California as professor of the history of mathematics, doubtless the first man in the world to hold this title and be given the privilege of devoting all of his time to the subject. It was a great opportunity and the appointment was fully justified in the twelve active years that remained.

As to his work in these institutions, as to the academic honors bestowed upon him (Ph. D., Tulane, 1894; LL. D., University of Colorado, 1912, and Colorado College, 1913; Sc. D., Wisconsin, 1913), and as to his membership and official positions in various learned societies it is not possible, in the space here allowed, to speak in detail. Suffice it to say that his work was faithfully performed and the honors were worthily bestowed. Standing as the leading historian of mathematics in this country, his loss will be deeply felt by all who knew him, whether personally or through his contributions to the subjects of his major interest.

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